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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Beautiful Dreams.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Beautiful dreams, that come and go,
Like the restless seatide's ebb and flow,
Over the dead that lie below!

Beautiful dreams whose light and shade,
Like that which the woodland leaves have made,
So fair, and bright, so quick to fade!

Beautiful dreams of a joyous heart,
Stealing the fairies' witching art,
Tell me, oh tell me what thou art!

Cheating the maiden's trusting breast,
Leading the wearied one to rest,
Making earth but a bird-rocked nest.

Beautiful dreams, I wish *I*, too,
Had thy power to come and go,
To the hearts I love, and long to know!

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

THIRTEENTH—MILLARD FILLMORE.

THE happy operation of our free institutions was never more beautifully illustrated than in the elevation of the subject of this notice to the high office of the Chief Magistracy of these United States. Under monarchical and aristocratic governments men are born to office, or have it "thrust upon them;" but under our own there are no obstacles to genuine talent or genius. The child born to the humblest condition of life may aspire to all the honors and emoluments of office, if he have the necessary qualifications for the same.

MILLARD FILLMORE was born at Summer Hill, Cayuga county, New York, on the 7th of January, 1800. His father was a farmer in humble circumstances, and the lad's opportunities for acquiring an education were very limited. He was obliged to do the boy's work on his father's farm, and, as soon as he was old enough, he was sent from home to earn his own support. At the age of twelve he was placed with a clothier to learn the business of dressing cloth, and soon after he was apprenticed to a wool-carder to learn his trade. But the electric spark had been struck in the mind of young Fillmore at his birth, and every year developed more and more his strong yearnings for knowledge; and, during the heavy four years of his apprenticeship, he devoted every available moment of his leisure time to reading and study, thus remedying in some good degree the deficiency of his early education.

At nineteen, Mr. Fillmore was master of his business, and ready to commence the world on his own account. About this time, Judge Wood, of Cayuga county, discovering the latent talent of the youthful wool carder, offered to take him into his office and defray his expenses while he went through a regular course of legal study. He accepted with gratitude this generous offer, doing what he could to make the burden to his benefactor lighter, by teaching a school during part of the time.

In 1821, he left Judge Wood's office, and went to Buffalo to complete his studies; and in 1823, he opened an office in the town of Aurora, and commenced the practice of his chosen profession. In 1827, he was admitted as an attorney, and in 1829, as a counsellor to the Supreme Court. In the same year his political career commenced on his being chosen a member to the State Assembly from the county of Erie. In 1830, he removed to Buffalo, and entered into a much more extensive practice of his profession.

In 1833 Mr. Fillmore took his seat in the lower house of Congress, having been elected the year preceding. He was elected successively to the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh Congresses, in all of which he showed himself an active and faithful servant to his constituents. He served on several committees, holding at one time a prominent situation in the "committee on elections," and at another time, he accepted the responsible position of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. In the duties of this post, at a trying crisis, he manifested such industry and practical talent as to fully sustain the confidence of his colleagues. His public reputation perhaps rests more upon the manner in which he filled this very important post in the twenty-seventh Congress then on any other portion of his career. At the close of this last session he declined to serve any longer, and retired to Buffalo, where he devoted himself to the business of his profession. By his diligence and fidelity he gained the esteem and confidence of those who best knew him, and rapidly rose to a high rank among the members of the bar.

In 1844, he reluctantly became the whig candidate for the office of governor of the State of New York, and suffered defeat. In 1847, he was elected to the office of state comptroller by a handsome majority, and held that office until he was nominated by the whigs, in 1848, as their candidate for Vice President of the United States; General Zachary Taylor being the candidate of the same party for the office of President. Having been elected in the autumn of the same year by a handsome majority, on the 4th of March, 1849, he entered upon the duties of his office, and took his place as the presiding officer of the United States Senate.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

General Taylor wore the robes of his new office but a brief year, being summoned to a higher theatre of action, amidst the lamentations of the entire nation, and Mr. Fillmore legally became his successor in the presidential chair, which place he occupied until the election of his successor, giving another illustration of the beauty of our free elective government, where a man of humble origin may rise to the highest post of human elevation and honor, with no passport to distinction but industry, talent and integrity. He retired from office with the respect of all parties.

Mr. Fillmore owes his present position in society to his own exertions. What he is he has made himself. From a very humble origin he has risen to greatness, climbing the ladder of his fame, round by round, with indefatigable industry and untiring perseverance, thus affording the youth of our country the important lesson, that

"Honor and fame from no *condition* rise."

He had great energy combined with discretion, great force of character guided by prudence, and directed by intellect. He would, therefore, commit few mistakes, and be always discreet, politic, safe, and eminently successful.

Since Mr. Fillmore retired from the Presidential Mansion, he has married his second wife, a most intelligent and amiable widow lady, and he now lives in retirement at Buffalo, New York.

"Why is a lawyer the worst sleeper in the world?"—"Because he first *lies* on one side, then he lies on the *other*, and he is *wide* awake all the time!"

From the Mobile Mercury.

Milan the Great.

BY MADAME LE VERT.

[At a time when such earnest attention, throughout the civilized world, is attracted to the plains of Lombardy, the sketch of the city of Milan, kindly furnished us by the gifted authoress of the "Souvenirs of Travel," will be read with especial interest.]

All large cities in Italy have some favorite designation, illustrative of their peculiar excellencies. Rome is styled "the Holy;" Naples, "the Happy;" Venice, "the Rich;" and Milan, "the Great." This superb city was founded by the Gauls, and in the Fourth Century was deemed the sixth city of Italy. It was sacked by Attila the Hun, in 452, and entirely destroyed in 1162, by Frederick the Third, who caused the name of "Milano" to be blotted out from the cities of the land. After some years, it was determined to rebuild the city; this was accomplished by the combined forces of all the towns most active in its destruction; these were Brescia, Cremona, Verona and Bergamo. Nearly a century after its reconstruction, began the rule of the Viscontis, and the Sforzas. Milan then became famous throughout all Europe, and gave fashions to the world; hence the word *milliner*.

When the Sforza family passed away, Milan fell under the sway of Charles the Fifth; and in 1535 became an Austrian possession. Then it was conquered by the French, and retaken by the Austrians.

Milan is now a splendid, strongly fortified, walled city. The population is nearly two hundred thousand, including a very large military force of Austrian soldiers. The Milanese are a remarkably handsome people. The men are of fine stature, dark and striking in appearance, with long moustaches and beards. The women are graceful and comely. There are multitudes of friars and monks, in tight breeches and silk stockings; they have an especially happy, jaunty air, in strong contrast with the plain, cold, stern-looking Austrians, who appear the very antipodes of the gay and cheerful Milanese.

The Cathedral of Milan, or the "Duomo," as the inhabitants call it, is second only to St. Peter's at Rome in grandeur. It is almost impossible to describe it; the mind is bewildered by the multitude of statues which absolutely cover the immense edifice; they are clustered around the cornice and in niches, and the numerous spires, even, to their highest point. The Cathedral was commenced in 1386, by Giovanni Visconti, in fulfillment of a vow, and it is not even yet completed. It is built of white marble from the quarries near Lago di Maggiore. It is in the form of a Latin cross, fifty colums supporting the roof; these are eighty feet in height and eighteen at the base. The vaulted roof is a delicately wrought fret work, and the windows of painted glass, a portion of each by Pelligrini. The French cannon made sad havoc with these gorgeously tinted windows.

The tomb of San Carlo Borromeo is beneath the church; in a richly decorated chapel, containing along the walls bas reliefs in silver of all the events of his life. In the center of this chapel the body of the Saint reposes. It is enclosed in a shrine of gold and silver, and is attired in his pontificial robes. Through the large plates of rock crystal the face is distinctly seen, that of a skeleton, awakening painful emotions; the glittering jewels seem only a mockery by the side of that mouldering form. San Carlo Borromeo is the Patron Saint of Milan; he was born in 1538, and was a great and good man. His whole life attested the purity and excellence of his noble character.

In the sacristy are the jewels of the church. There are life-sized figures of San Carlo and San Ambrosio in solid silver, salvers, plates, cups, vases and candlesticks, encircled with rubies, turquoises, emeralds, topaz and amethysts. The diamonds and jewels in the pastoral staves of the bishops are superb, likewise the front pieces for the altars, woven of gold and silver. The wealth in this small room is estimated at more than four millions of pounds sterling ($20,000,000).

La Scala of Milan is the second theatre in point of size in Italy. It is grand and spacious, with six or seven tiers of boxes; each box is hung with rich silk, beautifully fringed and looped up with golden ornaments; at least thirty persons can be comfortably seated in each one. Twenty-five thousand dollars are allowed by the Government every year for the support of this splendid La Scala. On the front of the theatre is a most appropriate *bas relief;* it represents Apollo stepping into his car, while the Goddess of Night is throwing her arms detainingly around him. The Milanese are noted for their late hours at theatres, balls and operas; indeed, throughout Italy we remarked the gaiety, bustle and merriment of the night; it was only towards the morning hours silence prevailed.

The Corso is a delightful drive, entirely around the city. It is upon the summit of one series of walls, and is planted on either side with trees, and is really an exquisitely enjoyable promenade as well as drive. It is said the Milanese will starve themselves for a week to afford the luxury of a handsome equipage for the Corso. It was a scene of brilliant life, as we drove along, amid hundreds of elegant carriages, and well mounted horsemen. The carriages were all of the barouche form, thereby displaying to advantage the gaily dressed women; there were many exceedingly beautiful, with intensely black hair and lustrous eyes; their complexion are of a creamy whiteness like the magnolia when it first unfolds its petals. They were all without bonnets, and the black lace mantilla falling over their well-formed shoulders, gave them a poetic and picturesque look.

From the top of the great tower of the Cathedral, there is a glorious view of the fertile plain of Lombardy, and of the distant Alps, rising up like a grand rampart to divide the "Land of the myrtle and orange" from the cold North. Afar off we beheld Monza, a small town, where the "iron crown" is kept. Napoleon was crowned at Milan in 1805 with this same "iron crown," which once encircled the brow of Charlemagne. It is believed that one of the nails of the true cross, is mingled in the iron band which lies beneath the adornments of gold, silver and precious stones. It is never taken from the treasury of Monza, save for the coronation of an Emperor.

At Milan, we saw the renowned painting by Leonardo da Vinci, called the "Last Supper," this picture occupied the artist sixteen years in painting it. More has been written concerning it than any other in Europe, and although time and ill-usage have left their impress, many of the figures are perfect, and the head of Christ glows with a life-like radiance.

We visited many large buildings devoted to the fine arts, churches and splendid private palaces, and after several days delightful sojourn in Milan the Great, we left for Venice, journeying on slowly by the Lago di Garda to Lonato, where Napoleon achieved his brilliant victory over the Austrains in 1796. In company with us, was an intelligent Italian, who told us much of the sufferings and wrongs of his downtrodden countrymen. When night came on, for hours and hours, long trains of Austrian soldiers with their heavy artillery marched near us. How fiercely seemed to glow the blood of the Italians as he looked upon them! There are times, he informed us, when the sight of the Austrain soldier so enrages the peasants, that he will attack him with his hoe; although he knows death is his portion, he cannot resist the impulses of revenge. Hence, whenever it is possible the soldiers are marched from post to post to avoid conflict with the peasantry.

It is in truth a sad spectacle to look upon the bondage of this noble people. At the fortress of Peschiera we tarried awhile, and saw the regiment within give a martial reception to the long lines of weary, travel-worn soldiers, who had borne us company all the night. Peschiera was strongly fortified by Napoleon, and has often been the scene of strife. In 1848 it endured a long seige, ere it surrendered to Carlo Alberto and the Piedmontese army.

A few hours' journey brought us from Peschiera to Verona. At the mere mention of Verona, what visions of faithful love arise! How like a spell of magic is the memory of Juliet, the loving and beloved! It gives a sanctity to the city and its surroundings.

CHIVALRY.—After the battle of Solferino, the Emperor Napoleon rode to Cavriana, where he lodged in the same room which the Emperor Francis Joseph had occupied the night before. On his way thither, with several of his staff, he saw an Austrian lieutenant dying by the roadside. He ordered his wants to be attended to, and, the dying man having taken his watch from his neck, placed it together with a locket and a ring in the Emperor's hand, and begged him to send them to his young wife according to an address which he gave. The Emperor promised to do so, and sent them by a special messenger that very evening to the nearest outpost of the Austrians.

Common Errors.

Writers for the press, in this rapid age, are often led carelessly into gross errors, which, though unobserved by themselves —granting them to know better—are noticed and commented upon by others.—Many of these errors, are of that "every-day" sort, which occur continually in conversation, but which should be avoided as well in speaking as in writing. A correct style of writing requires us to keep constant watch over our words, and it is only by accustoming ourselves to a correct mode of speaking, that we can ever hope to become finished writers. We advise all young people especially to acquire in early life the habit of good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of incorrect words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very properly doomed to talk incorrectly for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of that which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country—to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision which shows rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

The following we mention as a few common errors in the misuse of certain words which are overlooked, but which should be avoided, and there are others, which we invite our brethren of the press to add to these, and pass them around for the benefit of the world,

Do not use *avocation* for *vocation*; the latter signifies occupation, employment, business; the former whatever withdraws or diverts us from that business

"It was impossible not to suspect the *veracity* of this story;" it should be *truth* of this story: *veracity* is applicable to persons only.

"I *had* rather walk;" it should be, "I *would* rather walk," *had* denotes past possession, not will or desire.

"I doubt not *but* I shall be able;" "I doubt not *that* I shall be able."

"He was too young to *have felt* his loss;" it should be to *feel* his loss.

"I seldom *or ever* see him now;" it should be, "I seldom *or never*," or, "seldom *if ever* see him now."

Do not say *rather childish, rather saltish*, as the termination *ish* and the word *rather* have the same meaning; such expressions, though very common, are tautological.

"I expected to *have found* him;" it should be, "I expected to *find* him."

"I intended to *have visited* him;" it should be, "I intended to *visit* him."

"I hoped you *would have* come;" it should be, "I hoped you *would* come."

"I rode in a one-horse *shay*;" it ought to be, one-horse *chaise*; there is no such word as *shay*.

"He can write better than *me*;" say, "than I."

When two things are compared, we must say, the *elder* of the two, not the *eldest*; the *richer* of the two, not the *richest*; my brother is *taller* than I, not the *tallest*.

Though *who* is applied to persons, and *which* to inanimate things, yet to distinguish one of two or more persons *which* must be used; *Which* is the happy man?" not *who*; "*Which* of these ladies?"

"The *observation* of the Sabbath is a duty:" it should be, the *observance* of the Sabbath: *observation* means remarking or noticing; *observance*, keeping or obeying.

"A child *of* four years old;" it should be "a child four years old," or, "aged four years."

"The *negligence* of this leaves us exposed;" it ought to be, "the *neglect* of this," &c., *negligence* implies habit; *neglect* expresses an act.

"No man had ever *less* friends;" it should be *fewer*: *less* refers to quantity.

"Be that as it *will*;" it should be, "be that as it *may*."

"The *above* discourse;" it should be, "the *preceding* discourse."

"The *then* ministry," it should be, "the ministry of that time."

"*All over* the country;" it should be, "*over all* the country,"

"Provisions were *plenty*;" say, *plentiful*.

"I *propose* to visit them," it should be, "I *purpose* to visit them."

"I leave town in the *latter* end of July;" omit the word *latter*.

"I should have very much liked to *have seen* him;" it should be, to *see* him.

"He plunged *down* into the water;" omit the word *down*.

"We must do this last *of all*;" omit *of all*.

"Where is it? *says* I to him:" it should be, "*said* I to him."

"This is a sure *preventative*;" it should be, *preventive*.

"Washington is the *capitol*;" it should be *capital*. The State House is the *Capitol*, the city in which the seat of government is situated is the *capital*.

Authors will persist in writing "He don't" instead of he doesn't. Don't is an abridged "do not," or, possibly, "doughnut," as all learned persons agree that words, like the proud leaders in fashionable life, are frequently of very doubtful origin. "Doesn't" squares the hinder circle for "does not," and though made ordinary, the combination is always singular in its use.

SNAKES AND THEIR PREY.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

I was out shooting, writes a gentleman, resident in the colony of Port Natal, to a friend in England, and observing an oreebec (a small red buck,) I endeavored to approach it near enough to secure a shot; and making a circuit I came up toward it, keeping a small hill between myself and the buck, until I thought I might venture to look out and see the whereabouts of my intended game. What was my surprise when I found that the animal had not moved since I first saw it, and was then standing in a peculiar attitude, perfectly motionless, and not twenty yards from me. These little creatures have extraordinary sight, and are very timid, rendering it difficult to approach within a hundred yards, unless you surprise them while sleeping in long grass. I stood watching the buck for some time, at first supposing it to be sick. I then thought I would see how near I could get; and there being an ant-heap close beside the buck, I approached, and, on looking over the mound, saw the head of a large boa-constrictor lying just out of a hole under the heap; and the buck stood with its head turned on one side, in an awkward position, gazing intently on its deadly enemy, and not in the least aware of my vicinity. I retreated cautiously, fearing to break the spell, and wishing to watch the last act in this singular mesmeric drama.

The buck must have remained at least five minutes in this transfixed position, the hair of its back erect, its eyes dilated, and its attitude stiff and unnatural. Suddenly I saw it on the ground, the thick black coils of the boa enfolding its body and legs. I fired instantly, and the reptile slowly unwound himself, compelled to succumb to a power more terrible than his own. My gun has one barreled rifle, the other a smooth bore for shot. I had discharged shot only, not being far off, and the body of the snake was nearly severed; yet in the short instant during which he had embraced his prey he had broken every bone of the pretty creature's body. I measured the snake, and found its length to be eighteen feet nine inches.

The eye of the boa is very peculiar while mesmerizing its prey; it almost appears to emit flame. It may be compared to an amethyst or a ruby, or both, with an emerald stuck together, and rapidly revolving in the sun.

Its mouth was closed, or nearly so, and its long tongue darting from side to side, as if in greedy anticiparion of the dish of venison which awaited its devouring jaws.

On another occasion I watched a smaller boa, about eight feet long, while engaged in the act of swallowing a fowl. It first seized the head, and appeared to swallow with great difficulty, making convulsive efforts, observable from the rings of its tail upward. After some hard struggles the head and neck of the fowl disappeared, but the wings, being extended, presented rather a serious impediment to further proceedings; and I was curious to see how the snake would get over his difficulties—for even a juggler would be nonplussed if required to swallow knives and forks *crosswise*—and I soon found that he was quite equal to the emergency. After a series of painful efforts, tantalizing, doubtless, to a hungry boa, the reptile brought his tail to the rescue; extremes met, and, folding the wings together, he at last forced the body of the fowl between his jaws. He now, however, seemed to have got himself in a greater fix than ever. The distension caused his neck to appear only as thick as my thumb, and from the form and setting of his teeth he could not disgorge his Brobdignag mouthful, and I began to think that his snakeship had really rather more than he knew what to do with.

Not a bit of it. After resting a minute or two he coiled round his distended jaws, and commenced an ingenious process of compression, beginning at his head and working downward along the neck and body—stuffing himself as you would a sausage—till he had completed this extraordinary manœuvre of deglutition. The whole operation lasted about twenty minutes, and, I must confess, seemed any thing but a gratifying mode of appeasing the animal appetite.

I captured this boa, and kept him some time in a cask, and ultimately gave him to a friend who was proceeding to Cape Town.

The skin of the boa, and that also of the iguana (a large water lizard,) make beautiful, soft, and very durable slippers.

THE UNIVERSITY:—The Trustees of the University held a meeting last week in Raleigh and resolved to tender to Dr. Hawks the Professorship of History, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Shipp. The *Standard* thinks he will accept.

The Professorship of Rhetoric and Logic will be filled by the Board of Trustees at their annual meeting in December next.

Davidson College Commencement.

We kept open a space in our paper last week for an expected detailed account of the commencement exercises of Davidson College, from an intelligent friend who has heretofore kept us posted in matters pertaining to that section, but it did not come and we append the following—

[Correspondence of the Daily Progress.]

SALISBURY, N. C., July 18, 1859.

Dear Progress:—I went to Davidson College commencement last Tuesday, 12th inst. I ought to have given you an account sooner, but the weather has been so excruciatingly hot since then that I have not felt equal to the task; at midday the thermometer has been ranging from 98° to 100° in the shade these last 6 days. I now take heart from evident signs of a coming thunder storm, besides I have been par-boiled and stewed; baked, fried and bereft of appetite till I can't raise a sweat at all, any more, and can hide quite securely behind one of our neat slim lamp posts.

But, to the College: Of the present buildings it is needless to speak, as that immense structure, the new college, will be in use next year, but I must say the present Halls, Chapel, Lecture Room, Dormitories, &c. are very tasteful, and are arranged in perfect conformity with the most venerable grove, which constitutes the campus; only they are too small for the increasing number of applicants for instruction, at this finely conducted institution. The new building is decidedly by far, the largest single College building in the United States. Some idea may be formed of its size, without resorting to figures, by stating, that the tin for its roofing exclusive of work, cost $3000. Nothing is yet finished inside but the dormitories. It is built in the form of a cross, and in its general style, embraces all the characteristics which distinguish originality, and its highest pretensions are adaptation, capacity and use. It has one of the finest wells I ever saw, in the centre of the building. The Chapel is very large, and will be fitted up in amphitheatre style, with a magnificent music gallery over looking the entire arena. At present the general effect is lost by the necessary scaffolding, but when this is cleared away, it must be singularly imposing, its proportions are uncommonly grand, and the roof is at an unusual elevation; but wherever you go, you can find no line or ornament, that is not consistent, and in harmony with the rest of the building.

Tuesday, 12th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., the Salisbury Band, in full uniform, came dashing in, in their superb band car, electrifying every one by playing through the village and compus. At 8½ o'clock a dense crowd filled the Chapel to hear a sermon delivered to the graduating class, by the Rev. Dr. Dabney, of Va. After service the band played a selection of fine concert pieces in the campus. Wednesday the exercises of the two literary societies of the College took place. In the forenoon the Philanthropic, in the afternoon the Eumenean, and at night, the elite of both societies, three members from each, spoke alternately. Everything was so excellent that anything short of admiration would be out of place, especially delectable was the Oration of W. N. Dickey, of Arkansas, on China and the Chinese, in which he elicited from every one wonder and admiration at his brilliancy, and laughing amusement at his broad humor. In the morning the annual address to the students, delivered by Wm. Eaton, Esq., of Warrenton, was one of the most chaste, truthful, erudite and unpretending, but fascinating specimens of oratory, I ever listened to. So, what with interesting oratory, processions, and select and appropriate music by the Band, at every interval, I never spent a more pleasant day in my life.

Thursday forenoon was devoted to the exercises of the graduating class. As want of space denies a notice of each, I will merely advert to the valedictory address delivered by Risden Bennett Gaddy, of Anson County, to the students, the graduates, the faculty and the President. As a whole it was a most astonishing effort of a vigorous and polished intellect, abounding in many of the most finished graces of rhetoric, pathetic, hopeful impetuous, and, altogether, in the style and character, most impressive, on such occasions; and the feeling manner in which he alluded to a beloved classmate, who died a few weeks previously, brought tears to many eyes, as did also the touching "good bye" he bade the President, whom he designated as "father." This reminds me, that filial love seems to be spontaneously accorded to this amiable man by all the students. The benign countenance of President Lacy, would immediately impress a stranger with his excellent qualities of mind and temper. His noble face shows that he is brimful of tender feelings, and good impulses, towards his young wards, constantly shines forth through the loop holes of his mind's grey tenement.

How rapidly do scholars advance when learning is rendered attractive by the kindly firmness, and fatherly interest of such a tutor and guardian! Compare him with some we have all seen, in as high, and in lower positions, as teachers of youth; those who, from age only, assume to be the sage, the stoic; and pretend a scorn for the warm temper, sanguine feelings, intrepid integrity, and open manners of youth. They snob and wound and stifle its generous emotions, often preaching down the vanities of life (I mean such as are not real vantities) in such an acrimonious manner, as to show obviously, that it is only because they can no longer share in them. Of all the youths educated under such cynical teachers, how few there are, to whom learning is not rendered a most irksome and detested slavery: and who do not leave the establishment with a firm resolution never again to open a book from the moment of their emancipation?

At the close of the festivities President Lacy went up to some of the band, and in my hearing tendered them the most enthusiastic compliments, for the excellent music, string and brass, with which they had garnished the festival. He expressed the rapture and delight he had experienced by saying "gentlemen, your music has been 100, yes 500 per cent. better than any we e er had here before, and indeed equal to the very best I ever heard anywhere."

I intend going South in a week, but I shall write as often as I can.

COSMO.

DOOM OF THE PAPACY.

An English correspondent of one of the church papers gives us the following insight in to the condition of the church at Rome.

The wretched condition of the Roman States, and the evils produced by a union of temporal and spiritual government, must undergo some change by the present war. It is id'e to suppose that, while the rest of Italy is liberated, the Roman States could remain enslaved. The flash of the cannon of Magenta gleamed through the curtain of darkn ss which hung around Rome, and lit up the horrors of its government.

No humane man could desire that Rome should remain stereotyped in its misery: 3,124,668 souls and bodies are entrusted to the care of the Pope. They are the sheep whom he fleeces as well as blesses. These have 40,000 monks and priests to teach them morality and industry; yet they are the least moral and the most indolent race in Europe. The most heroic efforts and the most pinching economy cannot enable them to gain either capital or independence. Four fifths of their earnings the priests devour. They have no political life, and thought is heresy.

The papal government is the worst in Europe. The Pope is the administrator and irresponsible guardian of one-fourth of Italy, and his agents are prelates or priests alone. By a stange perversion of duties, bishops arrange the taxes, and the governors of cities become judges: it is a priest who is "Minister of War." The public finances are privately administered The taxes are wrung from the people by a priestly conclave, without pity or common feeling. There is no press, no literature, and worse than no education.

Over the most fertile districts of Italy, a succession of decrepid and selfish old men rule, to do nothing but to plunder. Thirteen cardinals direct the education of the country: twenty others have the control of all other charitable establishments, and all the endowments of the poor. As the monks take a vow of poverty, they have the best claim to the riches of the State. Real crime is supposed to pass unpunished; slight crimes are visited with the heaviest penalties, unless a bribe can be made up.

Whatever be the fate of Italy, whether it is to be a federation of independent kingdoms or an appanage of France, or one powerful sovereignty, this much is certain—the Papacy is doomed. The Pope has an army of 30,000 priests in France to preach sedition or assassination. Louis Napoleon will not by his language exasperate their fanaticism against himself He may proclaim—does proclaim—that he will not touch an inch of the Pope's ground or a hair of a prelate's head; but the "liberation of Italy" cannot be complete without including the demolition of the Papacy.

GUTTA PERCHA TYPE.—Gutta percha stereotypes with gutta percha matrices, are among the objects produced from that wonderful article at the present day. The matrix is just taken by pressure from the block of types while the sheet of gutta percha is hot and soft, and a sharp and fine impression it is quite capable of taking. When cold and hard, this stereotyping plate of gutta percha is ready to have a like impression, or reverse of itself, taken also by the pressure of a second soft and moist sheet of gutta percha upon it, and this, when cold and hard, is ready at once for the press, plat or cylinder. The specimens of printing from letters and engravings thus formed are as sharp as if taken in metal, and the flexible nature of the substance admits of its being curled round a cylinder, to adapt the surface more completely to the action of the cylinder printing machine.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NO FANCY SKETCH.

BY PEE DEE.

At a certain place in the State of North Carolina, (the particular locality is not material,) I was lately an eye-witness to some sad commentaries upon poor fallen human nature. They have made a lasting impression upon my mind—and I have determined to chronicle them down just as they occurred—interspersed with just such remarks as may occur to me.

An invalid lady left home with the hope that travel, change of air and change of scenery might restore her to health. In this she was mistaken, and the last three weeks of her life were unfortunately passed among loud-mouthed professors of religion, who absolutely let her go down to the grave without making an effort to save, or offering a single last consolation. For eighteen long days and lonely nights, that poor strange lady was confined to her room, receiving no more attention from the people around her than a heathen, an infidel or a savage world. During the most of her sickness there was a dancing school kept in a room nearly under the one she occupied. I have seen women—Christian women—of evenings sitting in the dancing room, while the groans and cries of that emaciated sufferer were kept from their ears only by music, dancing, insipid and nonsensical conversation. Those very women would think they had neglected a duty if they failed to attend church and listen to a long, dull, prosy sermon preached, perhaps, from the Scriptural text, "Visit the sick." They would cry and whisper and shed crocodile tears over the imaginary sufferings of the afflicted, conjured up by a skilful pulpit orator, and then let a strange sister die at their very doors like a brute that perishes. Oh, hypocracy!

A short time before she died I passed her room door. The negro nurse was leaning over a chair soundly asleep, while the sick lady's little daughter, a child 5 or 6 years old, was clinging to her mother and crying like her heart would break. "Ma, oh ma, why don't you talk to me—please, ma, speak to me one time more!" Waking or sleeping that child's cries are ringing in my ears even yet.

The above is every word true—I could give names and dates if I choose. Reader, you may make your own comments—and contrast the actual practice of the christians of that place with their professions. I shall conclude with the single interrogatory—isn't it awful?

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The extract below is taken *verbatim et literatim* from a letter received from a Missouri postmaster.

"you wrot in you last letter detainging only one but the first letter you wrot says detaing my letteers or any boddy elses So it has alusion to more then one you Say you want nothing but what is right but it appears that you and your brother hear thinks that I want moar then what is wright I think my Self Jest as onest as you or your brother you have pitch me with holdeing Som of your letters I deny that I ever have with held any of you letters I Sent one back to you and you your letter give account that you gote it your brother has pitch me withe holdeing Som of his letter but I will mak him account for that yeat before I am dun with him

it appears that thear is a correspondens be twean you and him about this ef your brother lived in Som othe State it would mak adifrens but he lives hear in 2 mils he takes the pains to wright to me in Stid of talking with me ef he had acted like agental man and Com to me and as me aboute detaing his letter as he sais and wrought that I had detained Som of his letter I would have toald him what I had don but he takes the pains to wright to me in Stid of askeing about it — — ——"

Such letters as this forcibly illustrate the difficulty of learning to spell. By the use of phonetic printing and writing this difficulty would be avoided, as every word is spelled as it is pronounced; and the time now wasted in learning to spell might be employed in learning the proper use of language, or some other useful acquirement. While phonetic printing is not in general use much time might still be saved by employing it as a means of learning to read the common print.

MARCUS.

REVENUE AND COMMERCE:—The great and continued influx of revenue from customs surpasses all expectations. The revenue for Saturday 16th, for instance, was nearly four hundred thousand dollars. It was supposed by many that June and July would show a falling off, but still the goods come in—perhaps many of them on foreign account. That they can be absorbed by consumption in the fall is now the more probable inasmuch as the crops generally are very fair. Gold goes out, meanwhile, in large amounts to pay for goods; but it is argued that the drain is not so considerable as to be prejudicial to the business interests of the country. If we export much gold we also produce much. The fact of its exchange for other commodities is a proof that it is not wanted at home for currency or other uses.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 22nd, '59.

Reconciliation of Mr. and Mrs. Sickles, Letter of Mr. Sickles—The Armistice—Decision of Gen. Cass respecting Naturalized Citizens abroad—New Market—President's Movement.

The reconciliation of Mr. Sickles with his wife, a step the propriety of which was indeed doubted by many of his staunchest friends, has called down upon him attacks from a portion of the press, compared with which, those that were poured upon him during his trial, were mild and temperate. It speaks badly for the good taste and moderation of American newspapers, that they have been unable to refrain from public and invidious comment upon a family matter, so sacredly private and personal in its nature.—Mr. Sickles has written to the N. Y. Herald a manly and dignified letter which offers a striking contrast to the anonymous attacks of his vituperators, and which, if it does not justify his course, should at least shield him until the future shall have decided whether his confidence in an "erring and repentant wife," be misplaced or not. Mr. Sickles has signified his determination not to resign his seat in Congress and it is even rumored that he has engaged a house in "Franklin row," on the northern outskirts of the City as his residence during the coming session.

The news of the armistice, and consequent cessation of hostilities in Italy, took everybody by surprise. Nobody understands what it means; and the French journals insist that it means positively nothing, unless Austria be willing to evacuate Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic. The general conjecture is that Napoleon has suffered rather more severely than his despatches would indicate, and that the breathing spell until the middle of August was equally indispensable to the French and their opponents. The fact that the proposal for the truce came from the French, goes to confirm this opinion. The menacing attitude of Prussia is certainly enough to make Napoleon pause. In coping with Austria he has shown the world that he has his hands full. What would be his situation should Prussia precipitate her two hundred thousand bayonets upon him, may well be imagined.

A great deal of discontent is manifested throughout the country at the recent decision of Secretary Cass refusing American protection to naturalized citizens voluntarily placing themselves within the jurisdiction of the local regulations of their native country. It is a nice question of international law, upon which the eminent jurists of the Union seem equally divided in opinion.

The question of the erection of a new and imposing market building for the Metropolis is again mooted in our City Councils, and it is probable that the result will be the speedy passage of a bill to effect that object.

Mr. Buchanan is now at Bedford (Pa.) Springs, but the regular semi weekly meetings of the Cabinet are held at the Executive Mansion as usual. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH. N. C., July 25th.

The Study of French and Italian—Explanation of Certain Terms—The New Bank, going into Operation—New P. O—Mr. Percivals triumphs—Novel Freight—Unexpected encounter with uninvited Guests.

The two great armies on the plains of Italy having now come to a stand still, the active operations of the campaign are suspended, and both parties have time to take breath and view their respective positions. A retrospect of this nature, even though the offer of an armistice came from the French, cannot but be very discouraging to the Austrians; every moment of delay increased their peril and strengthened their enemies. The Austrians took the initiative in a very bold and decided march on to the territories of Sardinia; in a limited space of time, after all their boasted skill and the most perfect arrangements, on their own chosen ground, they have been beaten back. The occasion is favorable for us to remind our readers of the importance of the study of the Italian and French languages, combined with the histories of those countries. These studies, without being actually connected, will be found very favorably to influence each other, rendering each other easier of acquirement and retention. In fact, so necessary have they become and of such universal use in polite society, that a knowledge of them is considered not only essential to but a decided mark of a finished education. This is especially to be remarked in the pronunciation of the proper names we now hear almost daily in common conversation; some are so barbarously murdered they cannot be recognized by those who are at all conversant with the true pronunciation. The safest plan is, without tying oneself to the strict rule of the original language, to soften down the word, as a compromise of the two; so that without offending the ear of a cultivated man's taste, we may be intelligible to an uncultivated person. We will conclude this disquisition by a familiar explanation of some of the most commonly used terms in connection with the war: *Mobilization* is a French term, and means the calling of the reserved corps to put themselves in readiness to move or to be sent out of the country on military duty; *landwher* is German, "the country's defense," the trained militia; *hors du combat*, French, simply, disabled; *arms de precision*, the newly rifled cannon and other implements, doing execution at great distances with the utmost exactness; *elan* means an outburst, a spontaneous effervescence of valor, overleaping the bounds of military discipline and carrying all opposition triumphantly before them.

The new Bank has gone into partial operation; several committees having been organized, the Directors, President and Cashier been appointed. The Directors of the old Bank are again in office, except Messrs. Wm. Boylan, Wm. Peace and Alfred Jones, and Messrs. K. P. Battle, D. M. Barringer, G. E. Badger and J. W. B. Watson are new members; Wm. R. Poole and the Public Treasurer represent the State. The President has gone North to make arrangements for the new notes, the books &c. A committee has been appointed to determine on the propriety of erecting a new banking house.

Messrs. Wesley Jones, U. S. Marshal, and R. M. Saunders has been appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to report on a site for a building, to be erected by the U. S. for the use of the Post Office and the U. S. Courts; several lots are spoken of, but the public generally are in favor of the one at present occupied by the Post Office. Mr. R. S, Tucker having finished and furnished his new house, very kindly set it open last week, for the inspection of his friends, many of whom availed themselves of the privilege; the mansion is regarded as a marvel of architectural skill, full of the greatest conveniences and magnificently furnished throughout. It will long stand a choice ornament to our City, a splendid triumph of skill, bending all its energies and acquirements to the use and comfort of man.

Adam's Express brought down last week a very unusual "package," a live bear, half grown, from Charlotte, consigned to a gentleman of this City, who has a fancy for "varments."

The other evening the gaiety and merriment of the crowd of visitors to the "Ingleside Chalybeate," Gov. Manly's Spring, was rudely interrupted by the appearance in their midst of a cloud of "yellow jackets," whose old time reveries were broken up by the "elishmaclaver;" they certainly did with great effect

"Complain
Of such, as wandering near their secret bower,
Molest their ancient solitary reign."

The horses and the riders and their sundry equipments suffered considerably, but no bones nor buggies were broken, and beyond the spoiling of much comeliness, which time and cold cream will repair, no damage was done.

Yours, &c., P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1859.

The War—Boston Trade Sales—Sickles—Astor Library—Public Schools—Going to Europe—A German Hive—Red Hot Weather and Storm.

The latest advices from the seat of war give us no indications of peace. If Napoleon the 1st, made 15,000 widows—Napoleon the 3d has made 20,000! and in both cases for what? Simply to gratify a bloody ambition and a supreme criminal selfishness. "Me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and *no more*," is a perfect history of all the Napoleon wars. As to the grand and promised results—they have all been a mere *change* of *masters*, and many of them for the worse. In the present war, while the Pope's dominions are upheld by the sword in one place, they are severed by the bayonet in *another*, and yet "*religious liberty* and *toleration*" are the watchwords! The Lord and the Pope are alternately interceded, and high mass and Te Deums are said and sung at the ruthless and savage destruction of both their followers—and while a poor man is seized by the forelock, and a bayonet run through his body, the priests or satellites of a monster, shout out: "Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth!! Good will to men!!!" What a mockery of humanity, justice and religion! But enough for the present!

The Boston Trade Sales have been unusually fine, amounting to over two millions. The attendance from all sections was large, and the average prices good.

It was hoped that the "Sickles" tragedy and farce had ended—but it is all revived by the fact, that he did not go to Europe, but back to his wife!—with whom he is now living. I presume that neither could be *better suited*—but what a farce on morals and insulted honor.

The Astor Library—a munificent and magnificent structure, one hundred feet square and fifty in height, filled with ancient and modern lore, stands like a monastery or obscure dungeon—dark, gloomy, dismal, deserted—except from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. when its ponderous doors turn upon their hinges, and a few old fogies and gouty favorites enter as sparsely and solemnly as though they were going to a funeral. Poor Mr. Astor! If that is the way he intended his money to rust and corrode, he was a greater fool than he ought to have been!

The public schools all close this week, and the Free Academy exercises and those of the Normal Schools have just terminated in several grand speeches, magnificent hoops, and a profusion of bouquets "got up for the occasion" and showered upon the stage. Epitaph—"Gone to the country."

"Going to Europe!"—Yes, every little spouting "pewter mug" politician who gets to be a police justice or city judge, after spending a good part of this life in "jinccry," gets so overcome with his official duties, that a trip across the Atlantic becomes absolutely necessary to recruit his health—and now you see it heralded in the papers: "The Hon. Joab Whanggoodle leaves in the next steamer for Europe; he will spend some months on the continent and return in—." If the most of them never returned at all, it would be a blessing for their country. Multitudes of ministers take the bronchitis, in order to go to the moon or mother country, to catch their breath—it is so unhealthy here. The Germans have swarmed and gone to Jones' Woods, where a large number are hived daily.—They have one week's relaxation just now and are forbidden, to drink more than seven gallons of lager each day, per man. The women are allowed to fill to the extent of their hoops.

We had last week, three red hot days,—thermometer from 90 to 96, which ended in a magnificent and brilliant thunderstorm, and which did much damage, but cooled the breeze, and left us a fine atmosphere now for a week.

Yours respectfully, M.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, July 17, '59.

Dear Times:—We have just emerged from as hot a spell as ever engendered sweat-drops or called up visions of Tophet. Mercury has ranged from 90 to 100 for three successive days.—Phew! If these wern't "melting moments" we'd like to know where you are going to find 'em.

A sad spectacle (owing to the overbearing weather) met our gaze (or rather our gaze met that) as we were pushing our way up Broadway during the "heated term" aforesaid a day or two since. Near the St. Nicholas Hotel was assembled a large concourse of spectators looking sorrowfully upon a pair of top-boots that stood upon the sidewalk. Being by nature an inquisitive mortal we ventured to ask an elderly gent that stood near by what the trouble was. Poor old man; he pointed to the boots with an audible sigh, while a tear rose to his eye and he faintly lisped, "it's all over with him." The strange conduct of the old man stretched our inquisitiveness to its utmost tension, and we made all haste to prosecute our enquiries in a more intelligible quarter, and finally learned the fact to be that a stout individual passing that way had suddenly collapsed and "run down" into his boots, which were "all that remained" of the person, wardrobe and exchequer of said stout individual aforesaid. Poor fellow! We "turned in" to the nearest saloon that presented itself and tossed off a bumper to his memory.

Little news of importance has turned up since my last, and scarcely anything stands on the record of the past week worth the trouble of copying. The chief matter of discussion here for the last day or two has been the rumored resumption of marital relations between Dan Sickles and his wife. A city paper says that on account of this step all the former friends of Sickles have unanimously and of one accord deserted him. It's a pity, for the sake of their own reputation, that they hadn't sense enough to have done this long ago.—Certainly there is no good reason why they should do so at this late day.

The war, too, comes in for its share of gossip and is a prolific theme of discussion at home and abroad. Speaking of the war reminds us that a graphic life of the great Italian hero Garibaldi has just been published by A. J. Barnes & Co., of this city. Naturally enough this work has given rise to a host of miserable and puerile imitations which are enough to turn the stoutest stomach. Among the list is a *weakly* publication of this city *claiming* to be respectable. Alas! poor Yorick!

Strange to say, we havn't had an elopement of note this week. Suppose we shall have two next week to make up for it. The same remarks will apply to marriage in high life.

The Italian residents of this city are making strenuous efforts to raise men and means for the advancement of liberty in their native land. This kind of business is, however, about "played out" and the work progresses slowly and unsatisfactory. Poor Italy. It would be a little thing for thee to don the garb of civil freedom to-morrow and thy religious freedom were as great a myth as now.

Theatrical items are few and unimportant. The Florences are playing to good houses at Wallack's and the sisters Gougenheim still hold on at Laura Keene's. The Metropolitan is doing a slow business and closes shortly until the fall, when it will be opened under the auspices of Mr. Stuart (late lessee of Wallack's) for the regular winter season. It is somewhat singular that this theatre has never met with but one successful manager, viz: Laura Keene, and from whose hands it was wrested by the avarice of Burton, who, after an unprofitable season, was glad to get rid of his bargain. What Stuart's energy and ability may do for it we know not. Miss Davenport is rusticating at Lynn, Mass., and Laura Keene (who pocketed a clear $30,000 last season, chiefly from the play of "Our American Cousin," a splendid piece of tom-foolery,) is doing the agreeable among the Pennsylvania mountains. Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is at present residing in this city.

Don't think of anything else worth adding just now, so shall wave you an adieu for the present.

Yours, &c., QUEERSTREET.

Political.

KENTUCKY.—The election takes place in this state on next Monday, (being first Monday in August.) The candidates for State officers are as follows:

For Governor, (Dem.,) Beriah Magoffin; Lt. Governor, Linn Boyd; Attorney General, A. J. James; Auditor, Grant Green; Treasurer, J. H. Garrard; Register, Thomas J. Frazier.

For Governor, (Oppo.,) Joshua F. Bell; Lt. Governor, Alfred Allen; Attorney General, James Harlan; Auditor, Thomas S. Page; Treasurer, D. White; Register, J. B. Herndon. Ten Congressmen are to be elected.

In the first district, Henry C. Burnett, Democrat, is up for re-election, and is opposed by Oscar Turner, independent Democrat.

In the second district, Samuel O. Peyton, Democrat, and James S. Jackson, Opposition, are the candidates.

In the third district, represented last session by Mr. Underwood, W. W. Sale is the Democratic nominee, and Frank M. Bristow that of the Opposition.

In the fourth district, James S. Chrisman, Democrat, and Wm. Anderson, Opposition, are the candidates.

The fifth district John Young Brown, received the nomination from the Democratic district convention, beating Joshua H. Jewett, the present member. Mr. Jewett, dissatisfied, is an independent candidate.

The sixth district, just vacated by Mr. Elliott, is canvassed by Colonel Theophilis T. Garrard, Democrat, and Colonel Green Adams, Opposition.

In the seventh or Louisville district, the Know-Nothings have nominated Robert Mallory. The Democratic candidate is the same as two years ago, Colonel Thomas H. Holt.

In the eighth or Ashland district, Capt. W. E. Simms is the Democratic candidate. John M. Harlan that of the Opposition. Mr. Trabue (Native American) is also running.

In the ninth district Judge James W. Moore, Democrat, and Laban T. Moore, Opposition, are the condidates.

In the tenth district Colonel John W. Stevenson, Democrat, is running without opposition.

ALABAMA.—The contest for governor in this State is between A. B. Moore, the present incumbent, and Mr. William F. Samford. They are both of State-rights Democratic politics. There are but few points of difference between them.

The principal contest for Congress in Alabama is in the Montgomery district, lately represented by Mr. Dowdell, who is not a candidate. Mr. Clopton is in the field as the Democratic candidate, and he has a formidable competitor in the person of Mr. Judge, who runs as "the Opposition-Southern-rights candidate." Mr. Judge was the candidate against Mr. Dowdell two years ago, and was defeated by less than one hundred votes. Alabama also votes for members to the Legislature,—the next body of which will be a most important one, and its arduous duties will demand of its members the exercise of the highest legislative ability.

GEORGIA.—The dinner complimentary to Senator Iverson, which came off at Griffin on Friday passed off very agreeably and satisfactorily. The Senator made a speech before dinner; and afterwards Messrs. A. M. Speer and O. A. Lochrane addressed the people. The number of persons present is estimated at from three to five thousand; and the dinner itself is represented as being very good. Senator Iverson's speech, we understand, is to be published.

VIRGINIA.—The contest in the Petersburg district is waxing warm. There are three Democratic candidates in the field: Col. H. L. Hopkins, formerly lieutenant governor of Virginia, Col. Thomas F. Goode, and Roger A. Pryor, Esq. It is believed that there will be about three more Democrats on the course in a few days, and that there will be no opposition candidate.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

Commencement at Harvard University.

BOSTON, July 20.

To-day the commencement exercises of Harvard University were held, and everything passed off in the usual satisfactory style. At an early hour the Governor of the State and other officers, in connection with the board of overseers of the college, were escorted to Cambridge by 100 horsemen, splendidly equipped. All were welcomed by the president of the university, Rev. Dr. Walker, who opened the exercises with a short prayer. At least 200 men of distinction occupied the platform, and some 1,800 persons filled to overflowing the large church of Dr. Newell.

Forty young men delivered speeches of some five or seven minutes, varying in merit. The speaking was interspersed with fine music. At the close Dr. Walker conferred the degree of A. B. on 92 young gentlemen; Bachelor of Laws on 42; Doctor in Medicine 32; Divinity 18; Bachelor in Science 12.

At 3 o'clock the vast assembly was dismissed, and hundreds passed over from the church to the college grounds to partake of a sumptuous dinner and to renew old acquaintanceship.

One hundred and twenty young men have been admitted to the college for the next term, having passed satisfactory examinations.

There are many things of great interest in and around Boston. What a place for commerce and trade. How beautiful Boston Common, Mt. Auburn and the scores of towns and cities all around Boston.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.
S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.
Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.
W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.
Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1; French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President. (11—ly)

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,

High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.

Rev. N. McR. RAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The next Session of this Institution will begin the 1st, Monday in August. Its patronage and prospects are such as to render it probable that we shall not be able to accommodate all applicants with board in the Institution.—Those who desire therefore to board in the Institution would do well to apply soon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate any number in private families. The undersigned and his family dwell in the Institution Instruction is given in all the branches taught in the best Female Institutions. We have apparatus, new Pianos &c. The expenses are less than at any other Institution of the same character in the State. Board alone and the English Branches $40 to $55 per session. Latin and Greek each $7,50. French $5. Ornamentals very low. *Board and half the tuition required in advance.*

☞ 30 *Young Ladies will be received and credited for tuition until they can teach and pay for it.* ☜

Wanted Situations for *Southern Female Teachers.* For full information address,

REV. W. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*

June 27th 1859.

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1959.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.

Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, July 30, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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SLAVERY AGITATION.

The "National Whig Committee" held a meeting in New York the 12th inst., and unanimously resolved that it was not expedient to agitate longer the question of slavery.

If the resolve of the committee is acted out in good faith by the party, the gratitude of every national man—of every man that loves the Union, will be due the committee and the party for the noble and conservative stand taken. And differ on other questions as they may, we sincerely hope every committee of every party may follow the example of this committee, and vie with the party in the faithful execution of the resolve.

Surely enough has been said on the subject of slavery; on every phase of it. The man that is not convinced of his error by the arguments already advanced by the pro-slavery men, is too firmly set in his opinion to be moved by any additional amount of argument. And the same of the man of the opposite side.

The experience of the past undoubtedly shows but little to be gained by the continual harping upon slavery in every political movement made; while it equally shows much has been lost to the prosperity and peace of the Union. Time and money are consumed that might administer much more to the prosperity of the country; and feelings of hostility, jealousy and envy are engendered between the opposing sections. Cease the political agitation of slavery, and the tomahawk of discord will be immeasurably buried.

If a generous rivalry be necessary to excite to energy of action for the mutual promotion of each section, then select some question with less religion in it; a question that will demand reason, and not conscience to decide it—reason swayed by truth, and not conscience swayed by mere education and prejudice.

If the Whig party adheres to the resolve of the committee, every man that loves the Union will love the position it takes. And if every party will fall in and observe the same silence, the Union is again saved and the rent doubly sealed.

The Election in North Carolina.

On next Thursday the citizens of North Carolina will be called upon to cast their votes for representatives in the next Congress. To cast a vote for a representative in the councils of a nation is a great privilege—a privilege dearly but most honorably bought—and a privilege whose exercise is now an imperative duty each man owes his country.

It is not for us to dictate to our readers for whom they should vote, nor what political measures they should support. The men and the measures have been fully canvassed before them—vote honestly, and do not fail to vote.

The following are the candidates in the respective districts:

First—Hon. H. M. Shaw, Democrat, W. N. H. Smith, Esq., Whig.
Second—Hon. Thomas Ruffin, Democrat.
Third—Hon. Warren Winslow, Democrat, M. J. McDuffie, Ind. Dem.
Fourth—Hon. L. O'B. Branch, Democrat. L. N. B. Sanders, Esq., Ind. Dem.
Fifth—Hon. John A. Gilmer, Whig. M. Q. Waddell, Esq., Ind. Whig. S. E. Williams, Esq., Democrat.
Sixth—Hon. A. M. Scales, Democrat, Gen. J. M. Leach, Whig.
Seventh—Hon. Burton Craige, Democrat, Gen. S. H. Walkup, Whig.
Eighth—Hon. Z. B. Vance, Whig, David Coleman, Esq., Democrat.

A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING.

We saw a few days since a painting just finished for a gentleman in Virginia, painted by Prof. Frerichs of Greensboro. We allude to this for two reasons. First, the painting is one of the finest executions we have ever seen in that art. It is a Biblical picture, representing the meeting of Boaz with Ruth, gleaning in the Wheat harvest; and for its life-like accuracy, brilliancy and exquisite blending of colors, we have never seen a picture that surpassed it, not even in the galleries of Washington and New York. It is a match piece to Abraham offering up Isaac, painted for the same gentleman.

In the second place we are glad to note the sale of fine paintings in the South—in the rural districts. Nothing more strongly attests an improvement in refined taste and cultivation. Previously Prof. Frerichs has sent his paintings to New York, where he always finds good and immediate sales, but we hope such may hereafter be the demand at home, as to exceed the supply. We are glad to learn that Prof. Frerichs has an order from the same gentleman for whom the two above named were painted, for four more pictures. Prof. Frerichs has, also, in execution, two large (one very large) and beautiful paintings of North-Carolina mountain scenery, sketched by himself. So far as we know, they have not as yet been engaged, but we hope they will not be permitted to leave the State.

HANDSOME WOMEN TO TRAVEL WITH:—The following is perfectly reliable in every point. We have tried it in all the phases alluded to, and know its delights; not bothering ourselves with any overnice discriminations, comfort is comfort, whatever may be the motive from which it springs:

"If it is in contemplation to spend several days at a time in hotels in cities, or in small towns, or to be a good deal in steamboats; to do so with the largest amount of comfort and complacence, in consequence of having the best things and the best places, the first and promptest attention from landlords, clerks and servants, travel with a handsome woman. There is nothing like it. No fairy wand will transmogrify things so. Beauty 'rules the roost' everywhere. It commands everybody, from hostler to host. You may yourself be nobody, you may have a pug nose, a red head, you may be a perfect 'duck' of a man—so short and fat that you can't make even a respectable waddle; your face may be pock-marked, your back may be humped; your shank a perfect spindle and your leg a bow—only a magnificent woman along and for her sake you will be treated all your journey through as menials treat a master, as courtiers treat their king."

A GREAT TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—On the morning of the Fourth of July a number of men were employed in tapping the hydrants in Broadway, from the Battery to Fourteenth street (about three miles,) and attaching a tin cup by a chain, so that the multitudes who crowded to see the military procession might slake their thirst with pure Croton water, instead of being forced into grog-shops and bar-rooms to obtain a cooling beverage of doubtful liquor. This might well be done to all the hydrants, and if water-fountains were well distributed in the more depraved parts of the city much crime and debauchery would cease. The Fourth of July movement was the inauguration of a great temperance reform, one likely to be of more practical value than forming temperance societies. Pure water, pure air, and whitewash are wonderful reformers, and we wish that the value of the three was more highly estimated than they are.

PERSONAL.

Before the departure of the Prince of Wales from Lisbon, a dinner was given on the 18th of June, on board the Osborne, at which the King and Queen of Portugal, Dom Fernando, and Dom John were guests. The Prince gave a donation of £100 to the British Protestant Charity Schools, and £20 to the president of the English College, to be distributed in charity.

It is rumored in Massachusetts that General Scott will visit an encampment of the Massachusetts volunteer militia, near the old battle-ground, in Concord, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, and that if he goes, he will be escorted by the 7th Regiment.

Mrs. Anna Pope, of Spencer, Mass., died on the 14th, at the advanced age of 105 years. Her mental faculties were bright to the last. Her sense of hearing and sight failed her some time since, and she moved about on crutches during the last years of her life.

Mr. LaMountain has challenged Mr. John Wise to test their "relative capacity scientifically considered, in a trial trip from San Francisco to the Atlantic seaboard, with balloons." Mr. Wise, in a card published in the St. Louis Democrat, says that his "thoughts are now turned to the crossing of the Atlantic, and with a precision much better than was the trip from St. Louis to New York. I have fully resolved on that, because I have learned in the St. Louis trip that it is easier to accomplish than I had heretofore thought it was."

Bishop Hughes is at Saratoga, and was expected to preach there last Sunday.

THE MAELSTROM NOT A MYTH.—The ancient accounts of the above-named whirlpool on the coast of Norway were imposing for the terror which were ascribed to it. It was stated to be several miles in extent—a large boiling cauldron circling round in one great eddy, into which whales and ships were sometimes drawn and carried down forever beneath its horrid waters. That such a whirlpool does exist would appear to be true, but it is not such a terrific affair after all. M. Hagerup, the Minister of Norwegian Marine, has recently given some account of it. He states that the great whirl is caused by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Mosken, and is most violent half-way between ebb and flood tide. At flood and ebb tide it disappears for about half an hour, but begins again with the moving of the waters. Large vessels may pass over it safely in serene weather, but in a storm it is perilous to the largest craft. Small boats are not safe near it at the time of its strongest action in any weather. The whirls in the Maelstrom do not, as was once supposed, draw vessels under the water, but by their violence they fill them with water or dash them upon the neighboring shoals.

ZOUAVES.—The latest edition (just published) of Webster's quarto dictionary gives it the following definition: "The name of an active and hardy body of soldiers in the French service, originally Arabs, but now Frenchmen who wear the Arab dress." It is "derived from the Arabic word Zouanaoua, a confederacy of the Arabic tribes who live on the mountains back of Algiers."

Magyars is the name of a people who in the ninth century invaded and overran Hungary, previously settled by the Huns. The Magyars are the dominant race in Hungary.

Coolie, or Cooly, or Kuli, is a Hindostian word, and means day-laborer. The Europeans in China have adopted it to designate Chinese day-laborers. The term is therefore applied to the day-laborers both of India and China.

Sepoy (Hindoo *Sepahai*) means a native of India employed in the military service of an European Power.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM A RATTLESNAKE BITE.—Miss Sarah H. Dyer was bitten by a rattlesnake, last Saturday week, near Morgan, Calhoun county, Ga., from the effects of which she died the following day. She had been out with a fishing party, and on returning home in the afternoon she accidentally stepped upon the monster. The snake immediately inserted his deadly-envenomed fangs into her left foot. She was taken home as soon as possible, and the usual remedies applied, but without effect. The poison infused itself rapidly in the system and could not be checked. She suffered intensely, but most of the time unconsciously. The young lady was just 18 years old.

Our Own Gossip.

EDITED BY "PONINGOE."

Here comes "JENNY MAYFLOWER:" so make way for her. There is no such thing as successfully opposing a woman, for don't the poet say,

"That when she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't, and there's the end on't?"

And don't "Samivel Veller" charge you to 'beware of the vidders?' 'Sartainly' he does. Then, come in, dear "Jenny," come in, and we'll immediately lay before the 'meetin' your latest quill-otype. *And*, here it is:—

DEAR GOSSIP:—I protest against these men who say that women are not blessed with such great intellects as they (the men) are endowed with. For my part, I have got some grit in me, and I don't care if I do offend some stupid old fool of the male gender, by sayiny so. Talk about the weakness of woman's mind! You might as well talk about the modesty of men. Talk about the scantiness of practical ideas in woman's head! You might as well talk about the scarcity of weeds in a neglected potato-patch. I am ready to vindicate my sex. I have put on the armor of justification, and am not afraid of the arrows of malignity that may be hurled at my breast. I wear high-heeled gaiters, too, and if some of my adversaries don't look out, they'll be fetched to their right senses bime-by—that's all. I know *something* of the world, if I am a wearer of hoops and beau-catchers. I have learned a few lessons, too, in the text-book of human nature, and I know how to parse some, I do. I have passed through the dictionary and learned the definition and derivation of the words *compos mentis*. I know what *lunatico* means, also, and, though I am a woman, I have mastered 'Tare & Tret' and 'Cube Root!' I don't say this boastingly. I only say it, because I am a woman, and as such the representative of a sex which has been much abused and cried against. I know that women are just as highly favored with endowments of God as men, and I am very certain that their hearts are much superior both in natural gifts and education, to those stubborn hearts of adamant that keep up a constant though useless, good-for-nothing wig wagging, within the breasts of the pantaloon-sex.

Yours flurriedly,
"JENNY MAYFLOWER."

.....We believe that you are on the right side, "JENNY;" so 'don't give up the ship.' Let your cry be 'yea, yea' and 'nay, nay,' and not even the powers of Satan and man combined shall prevail against you. You're a trump-card—aye, you are the queen of the pack—the queen of hearts, at that, "JENNY." Be fearless; push ahead, and if you don't put a stop to the war which has been carried into Africa, why, then, it will not be your fault, that is certain

.....A certain friend of ours, whom, for convenience sake, we will name Trotter, is continually harping upon the subject of the faithlessness of woman. He never grows tired of 'letting himself out,' but on he goes, rittle-rattle, little-lattle, forever on the one string. A crustier, mustier, dustier, fustier and bustier old (the word commences with A and is composed of three letters) we never knew. We actually pity him, so forlorn is his condition, so scanty his means of enjoyment. He sticks his nose up at every woman, whether she be as pretty as Cleopatra or as ugly as the devil's wife. However, there'll be an end to his cynicism, by and by, and then Mr. Trotter (having been taken by storm, by a pair of blue eyes, and a cluster of auburn ringlets) will doubtless be heard singing—

Zelia, dearest, thou art nearest
To my heart than aught besides;
By and by, love, thou and I, love,
In Love's perfect barque shall glide;
And shall capture deepest rapture
As we kiss the thrilling tide,
In a union of communion,
I a husband, thou a bride.

Zella, sweet one, could I meet one
With a love more deep than thine?
Never, never! for forever
Thou hast promised to be mine.
Oh, the blisses! Oh, the kisses!
Oh, the joy that thrills our frame!
Oh, what beauty flows from duty—
Bliss too sweet to own a name.

If anybody is so foolish as to imagine that Trotter will always remain the cold, icy stoic he is at present, *we* don't at any rate. There is salvation for him yet, if there is any truth in the old couplet which says,

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The homeliest bach'lor may return."

.....Somebody who comes to us under the *nom de guerre* of "PIPPS," sends us a brace of 'ponies' for which we return our uncircumscribed gratitude. The first is on

LOVE AND FLATTERY.

Base is the man, and baser still is *she*,
Who love professes but for flattery.
If I had power I'd murder all of such,
And hand them o'er to B'elzebub's warm clutch.
Pimples of rottenness on mankind's face
They blur all beauty, and their kind disgrace.
Too vile to live; too cowardly to die;
Fine nondescript of inhumanity,
When of this world they take their final view.
The Gods be praised! Old Nick will get his due!

.....'That's as true as gospel.' The man who, just to flatter a woman, will make love to her, deserves to be fed on pulverized oyster-shells and to have his thirst quenched with unadulterated camphene; and the woman who will 'sidle up 'ter a man,' with the same motive deserves to be married to a native of the Cannibal Island....."PIPPS" then gives us an

EPITAPH ON A LIAR.

Come muse vindictive, and inspire
Me how to epitaph a liar!
The muse, indignant, turns her nose up
And says, *no liar to heaven goes up.*

.....We don't think your muse erred in saying so, "PIPPS," for don't the "Good Book" say the same about all those who are not as 'keerful' with their tongues as they ought to be!.....At this eleventh hour comes a 'ladie fayre' and hands us a 'billy dux' which reads as follows:

MR GOSSIP:—I am a young widow and I am desirous of finding a husband—one of the right stamp, of course. He must be good looking; have more brains than money; more confidence than brass; more affection than diamond-rings; more heart than moustache; more good nature than hair and more tenderness than corns. In other words he must not be a fool, neither must he be a demi-god. He need not be possessed of the genius of a Shakspeare, yet he must have the heart of a Goldsmith. He needn't understand Greek, but he must know how to cypher in long division. The fact is, I want a man of common sense, and such a creature is a variety, you know. I see men every day who *talk* well with the girls, but they don't suit me. There is too much of the popinjay element about them for me to swallow, and I don't like the manner in which they strut. Save me from such hyper-*par excellencies*, I say. They are beyond my humble reach, and I don't feel as if I could fly after them. I don't want to be considered a man-hater, for, like your correspondent "JENNY MAYFLOWER," I am a believer in love, and in those men, who combine the right qualities of heart with the right elements of mind. If you know of a man, dear Gossip, likely to suit me, please send him along by the Under-ground Rail Road, and you will much oblige "A YOUNG WIDOW."

.....We regret very much that we are unable, just now, to furnish the "YOUNG WIDOW" with the kind of 'feller' she wants. We will look around, however, and if we happen to come across the right chap, we'll box him up and forward him to our young female friend forthwith. It becomes us to say, here, that such a man as is here sought, is very seldom found, and it may be a dozen years from now before we succeed in overtaking the genuine specimen. For our part we think the "YOUNG WIDOW" almost too nice in her tastes. She ought to know that 'no man is perfect; no, not one,' and, therefore, should endeavor to make the best of the knights of the moustache. That individual who don't take the world as it is, deserves whitewashing. All men are not similarly constituted and the word 'ditto' may properly be applied to the Ladies of the Garter. However, we sincerely trust that the "YOUNG WIDOW" may find *her* man.

.....We have a whole bundle of communications for the 'GOSSIP,' which we are compelled to lay over till next week.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WHAT A BODY CAN DO.

BY INA CLAYTON.

'Tis sweet to think a body's loved
By some one here below,
But if some one won't love a body
What can a body do.

Why just go down to the river
Some very moony night,
Bid *some* one a long farewell
Then put yourself out of sight.

From the Mobile Daily Tribune

MOUNT VERNON.—The following, from the accomplished Vice Regent of Alabama, shows that the Fourth of July was not permitted to pass without leaving some durable mark of respect behind it. The printers—when they have money—are a generous set of fellows—and always full of patriotism:

Mr. Ballentyne:—I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear that the contributions to the Mount Vernon Fund on the 4th July have already amounted to a handsome sum and each post brings more money.

I enclose you a note from Mr. Forsyth. The contribution from his establishment and its employees is so liberal and generous I cannot resist the impulse of publishing the pleasant note which accompanied it. Very cordially your friend.
July 6th, 1859. MME. LEVERT.

OFFICE OF THE MOBILE DAILY REGISTER, July 4th, 1859.

My Dear Madame:—Do me the favor to accept the accompanying twenty-five ($25) as a trifling contribution, by this establishment and its employees, to the object which the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association have taken in hand with so much spirit and patriotism. I am very sincerely your friend and servant,
JOHN FORSYTH.

AN EGG COOKED IN THE SUN:—The editor of the Norfolk Day-Book eat an egg a few days since cooked "hard" by the sun on the roof of his office. Nevertheless, he says he is fanned in his sanctum by the sea breezes until it is perfectly delightful.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Poor Miss Jane.

BY MATILDA.

She is old and desolate;
Dark and dreary is her fate,
Working early, working late,
Poor Miss Jane.

She is weak and lone and gray,
All her youth has passed away,
Ah! it seems but yesterday
To poor Miss Jane.

When her lip was red as thine
And her cheeks were wont to shine
Bright as lillies dipped in wine,
Poor Miss Jane.

Sad and pale we see her now,
With great wrinkles on her brow,
Toiling on we know not how,
Poor Miss Jane.

Day by day and night by night,
With her face so thin and white,
She is working in my sight,
Poor Miss Jane.

So from year to year Miss Jane
Will be toiling on in pain,
Looking for earth's rest in vain,
Poor Miss Jane.

None will weep when she is dead,
None will kneel beside her bed,
Dropping tears upon her head,
Poor Miss Jane.

But at eve it shall be light;
She will go arrayed in white
To the land that knows no night,
Blest Miss Jane.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LIFE'S CHANGES;

OR,

Floy's Story.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SEWING-GIRL'S CHRISTMAS.

WE will go back over an interval of years, and take up the thread of Zillah's story.

She sunk gradually in position and prospects, till she earned but a scanty subsistence with her needle. She never saw her step mother now, for she had been turned scornfully from her uncle's door when last she went to visit her, and she had said then that she would never cross their threshold again she could make them acknowledge her superiority. Still, she had some friends. Mark, Mamie, and Emma, encouraged and helped her all they could, and, if they could not assist her labors they strengthened her with their friendship and love.

But a month had passed, and she had seen neither of them. She accounted for their absence by the inclement weather, for it was Christmas eve, and the snow had fallen steadily all day, and the chill air was still burdened with falling flakes. There was no fire in the grate, and Zillah's hands were purple with cold, but she sewed all that night by the light of her flickering candle.

Morning at last!

The ground was covered with a heavy fall of snow, rainbow-tinted here and there, in the rays of the clear winter's sun. Many and merry sleigh-bells rang out in the air, as the spirited horses dashed away the snow from their hoofs. "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" cried gay voices, some of them beneath her window. No one said "Christmas gift" to her.

She kept steadily at work, though her numb fingers scarcely felt the needle, and the day advanced. When her work was finally finished, she rose to carry it home, wrapping her shawl carefully about her, and pausing before the broken mirror, to tie on her hood. She was struck with the great change two short years had made in her appearance.

The last time she had looked in the mirror in her own little room at Sutherland Hall, she beheld a round, rosy face, dimpling with spirit and humour, light grey eyes, dancing with mischief, and red lips rippling with smiles. *Now* she saw a dark, pale face, stern lines about the compressed lips, a cold, sad glitter in the grey eyes, and the brow, high and wide, fully revealed by the heavy bands of thick black hair, swept plainly back from the temples.

"I wonder," thought Zillah, "if time brings as startling changes to every one. Who would have dreamed of this, three years ago?"

She glanced around at the comfortless room, with its carpetless floor, dingy walls, rusty grate and broken windows, through which floated the ice-cold air. Would it always be thus? Must she always toil and struggle for the daily bread which came so sparingly? Should she never be able to give a home to that step mother who had fulfilled the place of the mother she had never known? "No, no, no! This life must not, *should* not continue!" she cried; but poverty whispered "How will it be otherwise?"

With a despairing sigh, Zillah took up her little bundle of work, and went out into the bitter-cold air. As she bent her steps towards a more fashionable part of the city, gay voices and merry laughter grated upon her ear, and ringing sleigh-bells kept time to the swift movements of the horses which drew freights of happy hearts and fair faces, joyous, bright, and *comfortable*. Merry greetings passed between gay groups, but no one turned a glance upon the light figure of the sewing girl, who, though delicate and tenderly nurtured as the most richly clad, breasted the frosty blast unaided. Yes, there was one.

Lucien d'Essars passed her, and turned to look after the slight form as she hurried onward. Though but a glimpse of the dark, spirituelle features was afforded him, that glance seemed to fix them in his memery. So young she seemed, and with such a weight of sorrow blended with sullen endurance! There was genius on the lofty brow, decision in the firm, shut mouth, energy betrayed in every feature. How could a being so endowed, remain in the position her coarse and well-worn garment betokened? As he conversed with Louise Hamilton that evening, instead of her brilliant face, the pale, proud features and shining eyes of Zillah rose constantly before him.

But Zillah went on unconscious of this; carried home the costly dress which had robbed her of her last night's rest, and turned her steps homeward. Homeward! she had no home—her miserable garret afforded scarce a shelter. As she passed a pretty, almost elegant dwelling, modest, however, in all its adornments, a fresh, sweet voice cried:

"I shan't be long, dear Aunty, but I *must* see poor Zillah this morning." And Emma Ashton, ran down the steps as Zillah was passing.

"Why Zillah, you darling! I was just going after you. Come right in, without more ado. Where in the world have you been? You are completely chilled!"

And Emma almost dragged the half-frozen girl into the bright, warm parlor, and forced her into a cozy arm-chair. A mild-eyed, pale-faced lady, whom Emma named to Zillah as "My Aunt, Miss Ashton," removed Zillah's bonnet and took the fingers that had purpled with cold, in her own warmer grasp.

"Why, Emma, how in the name of wonder came you here?" exclaimed Zillah, in amazement.

"Ah! that's just what I'm going to tell you, said Emma, laughing and crying. "You know I told you I had no relations, and I thought I had not, but my dear Aunty, here, whom we—that is, mother and I, thought was dead, because we could never hear from her, has been almost everywhere, hunting for us, and at last, she has found only me. And I am always to live with Aunt Gertrude, and never go back to the dreadful schoolroom again. Oh! Zillah, God has been very good to me. Mine, indeed, was a cloud with a silver lining. I am *so* happy! It seems like a dream."

"This, too, is one of life's changes!" thought Zillah, as she listened to the kind words of Emma's maiden aunt, and looked at Emma herself, as she flitted about the room. "Ah! *she* can tell of a 'cloud with a silver lining,' but is there light for *me* behind my sombre sky?"

Emma stole up behind her and completely enveloped her in a splendid Cashmere shawl, warm and soft, as a shawl could be.

"Christmas gift!" she cried, laughing at her surprised face. "This is your Cousin Mamie's gift to you. We should have been to see you ere now, dear Zillah, but for my meeting with Aunty, here; and poor Mamie has been confined to her room with a severe cold. But see here."

She took up an exquisite little work-box, just such a one as Zillah needed, with its pretty gold thimble, fairy scissors, and all the etceteras to furnish it completely.

"This is Mark's gift," said Emma, "and here is your mother's." She put a tiny locket in Zillah's hand, and, bending low, "It is Claire's miniature."

"Let me add mine," said Miss Gertrude, unfolding a little breastpin, woven of Emma's brown hair, and with a beautiful likeness of Emma, in the centre. "I thought, Miss Zillah, that Emma's Aunt should make you a Christmas present, if only for the sake of your friendship."

Tears swam in Zillah's eyes, and the mouth usually so hard and firm, quivered with emotion. What had she done to merit this kindness? Her want of faith was rebuked. Emma noticed the tear-drops on her black lashes, and said, as if to distract her mind:

"Don't you wish to see my gift, Zillah? I'm half ashamed to show it, but come here."

She drew Zillah across the room, and exhibited a gold standish, filled with ink, and an exquisitely carved gold pen beside it.

"Dear Zillah, use it, won't you?" said Emma, earnestly, laying her hand on Zillah's arm.

Zillah looked at her, puzzled as to her meaning.

"Don't smother your genius any longer, Zillah. It is unjust to yourself and to the world."

Zillah laughed.

"What would you have me do, Emma?" she asked.

"Earn a living by your pen, and not kill yourself over that horrid sewing!" replied Emma, half vexed.

"Oh! dear," laughed Zillah; "what an idea! Why, Emma, its but another name for starvation!"

"I don't believe it!" retorted Emma. "I know they all say so, but that doesn't make it true. It may be the experience of some, but it isn't of all. Merit will make itself felt and seen."

"Show me *your* present, Emma," replied Zillah, who was not inclined to discuss the theme.

And Emma displayed her treasures, descanting on their beauty and utility, till Zillah was almost as much interested as herself.

"And whose is this?" asked Zillah, lifting a simple, but elegant bracelet, on the inside of which was carved, "Love, the sister of Charity."

"What? why, hem—your Cousin Mark gave me that," said Emma, her pure red and white complexion growing scarlet." I wished so much to—to tell you Zillah, that—all about it, I mean."

"All about what?" said Zillah, mischieviously.

"That—that—" Emma stopped again, but said, desperately, "well I'm going to be married, so there!"

"You needn't tell me any more: I can guess who is honored by your preference," replied Zillah, laughing. "Since you have became wealthy, you proud little witch, there's no further obstacle, is there?"

"No," said Emma, "but where are you going?" Zillah rose.

"I have to go to Mrs. Lacy's, now, Emma, and I must leave my present here, if you please, till I return. I shall probably be back, this evening."

"Would you believe it, Zillah," said Emma, following her friend to the door, "that I am absolutely invited to the 'exclusive' Mrs. Hamilton's ball to-night, which is Louise's birthnight. They can recognize Emma Ashton, rich, but only Mark and Mamie, knew the poor schoolmistress."

"I have had a pleasant Christmas, after all!" thought Zillah. "I am truly glad Emma is happy—dear little Methodist! I wish I had her unswerving faith and reliance on a kind Providence. But Emma is a Christian."

CHAPTER XVII.

ZILLAH'S CROSS.

"I am alone. The winter wind is sighing,
The snow is falling thickly all around.
I would my chilled and weary limbs were lying
With summer blossoms in the cold, cold ground."

ZILLAH was detained longer than she anticipated at Mrs. Lacy's, that lady being engaged with her Christmas visitors; so that when she set out on her return home it grew rapidly dark ere she had gone half way. She made a circuit to reach Emma's residence, but it was so late when she reached it that she concluded it was best to keep on.

"I must see mamma," she murmured, "for I told her I would visit her at Christmas. Poor mamma! She will expect me, but how can I go to Mrs. Hamilton's on their ball-night? I *must*. Mamie is confined to her room, so I will not be in the way."

Another reason was, it was now night, and Zillah grew frightened at being out alone. When she reached Mrs. Hamilton's, the house was a blaze of light, and a crowd of carriages thronged the street before the door. She advanced without hindrance, and rang the bell.

"Let me go to Mrs. Sutherland's room, at once;" she said to the servant who opened the door. "I am Zillah Sutherland."

A graceful figure, draped in white, flitted into the hall.

"Heavens! how cold!" cried a voice which Zillah recognised as Louise's.—"Jackson, who is that? Do shut that door!"

"Please ma'am," said the man, "this is Miss Sutherland. She wants to go up to Mrs. Sutherland's room."

"Mrs. Sutherland has retired;" replied Louise, coldly. "I presume you wish to come in, Miss Sutherland.—Mamma will provide you a room for the night. Walk in."

"Thank you!" said Zillah, haughtily, "but if you will conduct me to mamma's room, it will be sufficient."

"Excuse me, my dear young lady," said another voice, and a wave of Mrs. Hamilton's hand sent Louise to the parlor. "We did not expect the honor of your company to night, and Mrs. Sutherland is really not able to see any one.—You will not, probably, desire to enter the drawing-rooms. Goodnight."

"Good-night, madam."

"Jackson, close the door."

"Oh! heaven!" thought Zillah, as she went out again into the street "this is no time of night for me to be abroad, and I am not half way home."

She looked up at the brilliant windows and heard music, laughter, and gay voices, and a fresh arrival of carriages warned her to proceed. The snow began to fall again, and the keen, frosty blast mocked the thin shawl in which she strove to shroud herself. The thick flakes blinded her, and the cold air chilled her through. She thought of her sick mother disturbed by the revelry below, and her daughter driven from her bedside. She thought of her far-off home among the mountains; of the stern, cold father, who, though he had not loved, still protected her; of the proud, beautiful cousin, whom she loved so deeply; of Claire, the beloved twin-sister, as she saw her last, lying in her coffin; of Emmett, the outcast, and she seemed to hear again the tale of his suffering, and the heartlessness of her father's race. She believed it, she felt it all, now.

Her senses were becoming numb with the cold, and she had struggled but a short distance from the door of the Hamilton's. She felt that peculiar, sleepy, misty feeling, which warned her of her danger, and with desparing energy she turned her steps again towards Mr. Hamilton's dwelling. The ruby cross scorched her like fire.

"Oh! God," she moaned, sinking down at Mr. Hamilton's door, nearly concealed by the deep snow-drift at the end of the step. "Will I die now? *Must* I die? Oh! where are those who yet love me? Emma—Mamie—my mother—Mark, why do they not help me? I am dying!"

She strove to shreik, to cry for help, but she could utter nothing but moans, and the howling of the winter wind whisked these away. Then she thought of Claire, and the cross burned yet deeper on her breast.

"This cross! this cross! is it accursed? Does the wearing of it bring all my sorrows? Hideous thing! It burns me to the heart! Who is *he* who wore another like it? I cannot remember.—I am dying—Oh! Claire!"

She raised her hand to remove the cross, but her stiffened fingers fell powerless. The warmth from the red cross spread throughout her system, and a sweet peacefulness came over her. She no longer feared to die, but thought of Claire, and anticipated the delicious warmth of heaven's sun-beams with an ecstasy felt only by one *freezing to death*. She ceased to struggle and moan, and lay still. Carriagies rolled away, one by one, as the hours flew by, but she did not heed.

"How bitter cold!" cried a girlish voice, as the door opened.

"Cold, indeed!" said another and manlier voice, its owner shuddering as the cold wind swept by. "'Tis snowing, too, and I cannot see an inch before me, Jackson, hold the light. Why, Lucien, you are going too soon!"

"I am nearly frozen!" replied Lucien d' Essars; "Make haste, Mark, Miss Emma is in the draught."

The light flashed full upon Zillah's figure, as she lay in the snow-drift, the wind tossing her thin, worn garments, as if in mockery; the head thrown back; the features still and white as a statue cut from marble, save where a blue tinge had settled round the parted lips, through which the white teeth gleamed ghastly; and the thick locks of long black hair swept down over her bosom, whitened by the falling snow.

"Great heavens!" cried Mark; "it is Zillah!"

Emma sprang forward with a wild cry, but Lucien stood silent, for he caught sight of the ruby cross that glittered on her bosom. He remembered the promise made to the gipsy, in a light mood, nearly two years ago, and he had not expected to find any one who wore a cross the counterpart of his own. But he had found her, in the winter snowstorm, *frozen to death*.

"She is not dead!" cried Emma; "she cannot be!" But Zillah still laid, motionless and cold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

MARK sprang forward to raise Zillah, but Lucien thrust him aside with a wild energy and carried the slight form into the house. The rooms were still flooded with light, and Louise made a pretty picture, as she leaned against the mantel, her dress of rich white satin catching sparkles from the gaslight, a smile of triumph still wreathing her red lips, for Lucien d' Essars had been more than usually devoted, and had lingered latest, that night.

The glow of triumph was suddenly and terribly banished from her cheek.

Lucien d' Essars bore a lifeless form into the apartment, and in the death-white features she recognised Zillah; and Louise Hamilton sank back with a shreik which brought the frightened household together.

"She is dead!" she screamed; "why did you bring her here!"

"Mark, go at once for a physician," said Lucien. "She still lives."

"Thank God!" cried Emma, bursting into tears as she pressed the small, cold hands within her own.

Mr. Hamilton looked on in stupid wonder, and his wife was too thoroughly frightened to speak or move. Mamie chafed the purple hands and temples, and Zillah was carried to her room.

The physician came, and Zillah did not die. But she raved in delirium that threatened to destroy the frail form, and Mrs. Hamilton's elegant rooms, instead of resounding with mirth and music, that dreary Christmas, echoed with Zillah's wild shrieks and cries. Sometimes she imagined herself at Sutherland Hall, and talked to Claire and Ella, raving about her mother and the robber-chief; then she was toiling in the school-room, and again sat up all night to finish a ball-dress; then she shrieked of the snow, and the cross—the cross which she said she must always bear. But, though she raved about the cross that was burning into her heart, she fiercely resisted every effort to take it from her neck.

In the midst of her delirious fever she imagined herself in Emmett's place, in the forest, and talked incoherently of the cool dew, the grapes, and the rivulet.

Of course, her ravings were not understood by the watchers at the bedside, except what referred to Claire and Ella, but her frenzied shrieks about the heavy, burning cross made them shudder. At last, the fever left her head, and she found herself in Mamie's chamber, surrounded by luxuries, with her step mother watching by her side, and Mamie's golden ringlets drooping over her face. Zillah passed her thin hand carassingly over them. "I've been sick, hav'nt I, mamma? And I thought Claire was dead, and—but no matter. It was nothing but a dream."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pulpit Eloquence.

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill:
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay,
While bathed in the moonlight, the village was seen
With the church in the distance, that stood on the green;
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold;
And the earth in her beauty forgetting to grieve
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gambolled all day,
And free as a bird's was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll;
While, lightening my heart as I sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air;
And drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng:
For a while my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without
But birds, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song!
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love;
Yet the heart-flaming raptures that beamed from those eyes
Seemed saddened by sorrows and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its love unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue;
Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole;
Enforced by each gesture, it sank to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Savior—what pictures he drew!
The scene of His sufferings rose clear on my view:—
The cross—the rude cross where He suffered and died;
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side;
The cup of His sorrows, the wormwood and gall;
The darkness that mantled the earth like a pall;
The garland of thorns; and the demon-like crews,
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail, King of the Jews!"

He spake, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm,
His tone so impassioned, so melting in air,
As touched with compassion, he ended in prayer,
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that never his own,
While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

O God! what emotions the speaker awoke!
A mortal he seemed—yet a Deity spoke;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven!
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven!
How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips!

There's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart;
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred,
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes—
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone—
O such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That boy, church, and village, float up on my mind!
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler, that sat by her side;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song;
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see!
The past, the dim past, is the present to me;
I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng;
A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song—
All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
That whisper of Jesus—and point us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced!
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till Memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links and connected the whole;
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me;
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it brings is the song I have sung.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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THE WAR IN EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Africa with Liverpool dates to the 9th inst., intelligence is brought that Napoleon telegraphed on Thursday the 7th, that an armistice had been signed, commencing Friday the 8th inst. and ending the 15th of August.

Among the stipulations all mercantile vessels in the Adriatic are to be unmolested.

Peace in Europe.

Intelligence is received by the steamship, North-Briton, from Liverpool the 13th inst., that the Emperors of France and Austria have signed a peace.

The following is the telegram from Napoleon to Eugenie, announcing the fact:

"VILLEGIO, July 11.—"Peace has been signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself, on the following basis.

An Italian Confederacy to and under the honorary Presidency of the Pope. The Emperor of Austria concedes the right in Lombardy to the Emperor of the French who transfers them to the King of Sardinia, the Emperor of Austria preserves Venice, but she will form an integral part of the Italian confederation."

This dispatch was bulletined in Paris on the 12th, and the French funds rose 2½ per cent.

The English press is divided as to the conditions of the peace, whether Napoleon has or has not fulfilled what was expected of him. Enough of the facts have not yet reached us to enable intelligent comment.

ECCLESIASTICAL TRIAL.—The trial of Dr. Deems *vs.* Dr. Carter, continued over two weeks. The decision of the committee will be published in the N. C. Christian Advocate of this week.

Naturalization.

A few weeks since we referred to the discussion in political circles, arising from certain letters of the Secretary of State—the venerable Lewis Cass. Gen. Cass had said that naturalized citizens of the United States could claim no protection from our government in case of an arrest for military services, they having voluntarily returned to their native country. This position was strongly controverted—many leading men and leading presses sideing with and against it. Attorney General Black, however, has decided the position to be erroneous and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and General Cass has, in accordance with this decision, sent a dispatch to Mr. Wright at Berlin, in which we find the following paragraphs:

"What rights do our laws confer upon a foreigner by granting him naturalization? I answer, all the rights, privileges and immunities which belong to a native-born citizen, in their full extent, with the single qualification that under the Constitution 'no person except a natural-born citizen is eligible to the office of President.' With this exception the naturalized citizen from and after the date of his naturalization, both at home and abroad, is placed upon the very same footing with the native citizen." * * *

"The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized, his allegiance to his native country is severed forever. He experiences a new political birth. A broad and impassable line separates him from his native country. He is no more responsible for anything he may say or do, or omit to say or do, after assuming his new character, than if he had been born in the United States. Should he return to his native country, he returns as an American citizen, and in no other character."

* * * *

"A future liability to serve in the army will not be sufficient [to entitle his original government to seize him], because, before the time can arrive for such service, he has changed his allegiance, and has become a citizen of the United States. It would be quite absurd to contend that a boy, brought to this country from a foreign country with his father's family when but twelve years of age and naturalized here, who should afterward visit the country of his birth when he had become a man, might then be seized and compelled to perform military service, because, if he had remained there throughout the intervening years and his life had been spared, he would have been bound to perform military service. To submit to such a principle would be to make an odious distinction between our naturalized and native citizens."

Death of the King of Sweden.

The London papers brought by the Asia announce that King Oscar of Sweden, died at Stockholm on Friday, the 8th of June. The deceased was born on the 4th of July, 1799, and in 1844 succeeded to the throne of Sweden. He was crowned at Stockholm Sept. 28, 1844. In 1825 he had married Josephine Maximiliene Eugenie, a daughter of Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenberg, and a lady nine years his junior. The children of this marriage are four in number.

The Crown Prince who will now probably assume the title of Charles XV., was married in 1850 to the Princess Wilhelmina–Frederica-Alexandriana-Anna-Louisa, a daughter of the royal house of Holland.

The late King was not of royal descent. His father, the famous Marshal Bernadotte, afterwards Charles XIV., married Desiree Clery, daughter of a merchant of Marseilles, and Joseph Oscar was the only issue of this marriage. When but nine years of age the young Oscar was placed in the Imperial Lyceum, and when his father was elected Crown Prince of Sweden he accompanied him to Stockholm, where they both abjured Catholicism and embraced the Lutheran religion. Once acknowledged as heir to the kingdom, Bernadotte took care to have his son educated in a manner that would qualify him for his future position, and placed him under the care of the Swedish poet Atterbom. In 1818 Charles XIII. died, and Bernadotte, according to previous stipulations, ascended the throne, while his son entered the University of Upsal. After leaving the University the young Prince, for the only time since his arrival in Sweden, left the country for a short period, and hastening to Bavaria, visited the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and married his host's daughter.

In 1834 he was named Viceroy of Sweden, and in 1834, in consequence of the illness of his father, became regent of the kingdom until 1844, when, on the death of Bernadotte, he in his turn ascended to the throne, and found himself in possession of a large kingdom and a private fortune of eighty million francs, saved by his economical parent out of a civil list of but three millions francs per annum. For fifteen years Oscar I. has ruled over Norway in comparative peace and quietness. The revolutionary storm of 1848 did not reach as far north as Stockholm, and so whatever military or civil ability Oscar I. may have possessed has never been called into service.

In person the late King was prepossessing, while his manners were courteous and affable. He mixed freely with his people, and he, as well as his queen and family, was personally popular. During his reign education and internal improvements made progress in his kingdom, but he did nothing to interfere with the religious bigotry prevalent in Sweden, where the Lutheran is the established religion, and where Roman Catholics and Jews are debarred by law from holding any official position under the government.

His son, the new King, is now about thirty-three years of age. His education is purely Swedish, and his intellectual acquirements are said to be considerable. He enters upon the rule of a prosperous and peaceful kingdom.

LOANS FOR MEXICO:—Both of the governments of Mexico are in the market for loans, based upon the pledge of the property and revenue of the church. The Miramon government solicits a loan in Europe of forty millions upon this security. The Juarez government has sent an agent, in the person of the eminent minister of France, Sen. Lerdo de Tejodu, to negotiate a loan in this country upon the same security. Between the two parties the church is likely to lose its revenues and secular power.

A price paid for a good newspaper is like the "seed sowed in good ground," it brings a thousand fold its value.

DIED,

In Choctaw county, Alabama, on the 3d July after a brief illness, in the 27th year of her age, MRS. MARY S. STRUDWICK, wife of Mr. F. N. Strudwick, recently of Hillsborough, and daughter of Rev. Robert Burwell, of Charlotte.

On the 5th inst., in Chatham county, N. C., SAMUEL WILSON, in the 75th year of his age. The deceased was many years a Deacon of the Baptist church. He lived a consistent christian. He was an affectionate husband, and a kind father. He leaves a wife and eight children to mourn their loss.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 7.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
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WM. KNABE & Co's CELEBRATED PIANOS.
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There are hundreds of families in North Carolina where these Pianos are used. We name a few out of Wilmington: Hon. L. O'B. Branch, S. W. Cole, Esq, Gen. G. M. Leach., Carolina Female College, Salem Academy, Rev. R. Burwell, Hillsboro', Rev. T. Campbell, Salisbury, Professor Woolie of Greensboro Female College &c.,

In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq., F. D. Poisson, Esq., Griffith J. McRee, Esq., and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, ☞ They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

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GEO. H. KELLEY,
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A Perfect Cure by Wild Cherry.

From the Editor of the New York Mirror, Aug 9.

About four weeks since, one of the compositors of this office was suffering so badly from cough that he was unable to sleep nights, and too weak to stand at his case. He became very pale and thin and gave symptoms of falling a victim to quick consumption. We recommended to him various medicines, which had no effect. Finally we gave him one bottle of Wistar's Balsom of Wild Cherry. It afforded him immediate relief, and he is now a well man, and not the slightest symptom of a cough. These are facts, and further particulars may be learnd at this office. We should add that the cough in the above case was accompanied by profuse spitting of blood.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy ×8
Has the Largest Sale ×8
Of any Medicine in the World. ×8
100,000 Packages ×8
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina ×8
In Fourteen Months. ×8
It is Warranted to Cure ×8
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Every Invalid Should ×8
Try One Package. ×8

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

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For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

HIDES! HIDES!! Cash paid for Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, July 27th.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 14@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25@25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 55@60; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 20 Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 35@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16⅔, crushed 16⅔, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1 00; Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, July 23
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Fam'y	$7.50a0.00	*Flaxseed*, ...	1.35
Extra.....	0.00a7.00	*Beeswax*, ...	32
Superfine..	6.75	*Dried Apples*, ℔ bu. of 28lbs...	1.75
Corn, Mixed & W.	80a81	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ℔ bu.....	4.00a4.50
Yellow.....	83	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	9
Wheat, White	160a180	do. Sides	10a10½
Red.....	140a150	N. C. & Va. Hog round.	11
Cotton, ...	10a11½	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	28a30
Peas, Black Eye	1.25	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	75	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13	do bbl.	28
do do 2...	12½		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

Remarks.

CORN.—Receipts for the week were very light and none sold for several days—86 cts. for good white paid last. Yellow would hardly bring as much. White is wanted and the next arrivals will sell well.

WHEAT—has commenced to arrive in good quantities. Several parcels were sold early in the week at 130 to 132½ for prime Red and 140 good white. The unsettled state of the northern markets since and an unwillingness to purchase except for immediate use, cause a dullness. We quote to day a probable range of prices, for extremes of qualities: $1.05 to $1.25 Red, 105 to 130 white, fair to choice and buyers slow to operate.

FLOUR.—Remains as dull as ever, with a still farther tendency to lower prices. Holders of Old are exceedingly anxious to sell; hence offer it lower. We cannot fairly quote it over $6.25 Superfine, $6.50 to 6.75 Extra. New begins to come in quite freely; some sales as a little above prices of old, but buyers are very few and much lower prices are expected soon. Receipts are fully equal to the demand and stocks are hardly diminished at all.

COTTON.—is viewed with more favor but with the exception of some few sales at 11¼ to 11½ nothing in it is being done.

DRIED FRUIT.—Old is over and New has commenced to come in. The first Dried Apples sold at $1.50 per bushel of 28 lbs, but now $1.25 is all that is offered. In this vicinity most of the apples are sold this year green, for which there has been an unusually active demand at prices ranging $1.25 to $2.25 per barrel—quick, as to condition and quality. The receipts and shipments here in these alone, for the past week are put down as 8000 b rrels 3000 of which were brought down by the N. & P. R. Road

SUNDRIES.—Apple and Peach Brandy very dull, a small sale at 90 cents. Northern Herrings plentiful and declined. Black and Clay Peas in plentiful quantities and dull at 60 to 70 cents. County Bacon and Lard dull. New Flaxseed have appeared, but the market for them has not yet opened.

RICHMOND MARKET.—July 22d. 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	8a8½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,.....	10a10½	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams, ...	12a12½	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	11a12½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,.....	17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	45
Molasses,, Cuba,	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3½a5½
Syrup,.....	30a33	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O.,.....	40a45	Leaf,.....	7a9
Wheat, White,	175a185	Good and fine,..	9a15
Red, ...	1.50a160		

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR
at Law, **80 Nassau St. New York.**
☞ Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE
and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

GEORGE T. WHITE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI
Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.
Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

DETAILS OF FOREIGN NEWS.

Our foreign files by the Africa, although containing no additional war news of special interest, indulge at length in speculations concerning the armistice between France and Austria. We copy the following:

THE ARMISTICE—VIWS OF THE PRESS.

The French Patrie—which is a semi-government organ—says in substance, the armistice means little or nothing, unless the Emperor of Austria agrees to free Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic—a thing which he is hardly likely to agree without another battle.

The London Times believes in peace, and remarks that "before the truce has ended the French army will be refreshed and reinforced; a fleet of gun-boats will be ready for launching, and a great army will be ready to make its descent upon the shores of Northern Italy. Broken and dispirited as Austria now is, she is yet better able to fight at this moment than she will be at any future time. We believe, therefore, in peace, and we believe that the path of peace will be smoothe to her, for the Emperor has won the advantage which, for the moment, he proposes to himself. If this war between France and Austria is ended, France comes with tremendous power out of the conflict, and Austria and Europe will look on with still increasing interest, much meditating upon the future, while she rests upon her arms."

In another article the Times remarks:

"If the next week or two show that Napoleon and Francis Joseph really wish to stop the effusion of blood, and to settle permanently the affairs of Italy, we shall be glad to help them; but it becomes this country not to lower its dignity by pressing her advice, unasked, on two Emperors who have shown no desire that we should share their council."

The London Post inclines to think that the proposition for an armistice came from the moderation of the Emperor of the French, and is of opinion that Austria will consent to sacrifice her Italian sway, and thus end the war.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN HUNGARY.

KOSSUTH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON—PROCLAMATION BY KOSSUTH.—A revelation has just been made in London which has excited great interest, and would have caused a great increase of apprehension but for the news of the armistice. It consists of a full detail of an agreement entered into by the Emperor Napoleon with M. Kossuth for exciting an insurrection in Hungary. From these it appears that the Emperor wanted at first to make use of him without giving guarantees to do anything in return.—But Kossuth was too wise to fall into the trap; and when told that if he refused to move, steps would be taken to revolutionize Hungary without his aid, he promptly answered that he would instantly address a manifesto to his countrymen, warning them not to trust the Emperor's assurances. This soon brought matters to a crisis. The Emperor sent for him to Paris, and there agreed formally to a series of conditions, granting aid in money and influence. Kossuth has flooded Hungary with proclamations, calling to arms in language of much enthusiasm.

THE STATE'S FINANCES.—The receipt of $70,000 at one time by the State Sinking Fund, from the N. C. railroad, is a most gratifying circumstance. It not only assures us that the means will be provided for paying off the State debt as it falls due, but that it will be so provided from the public works themselves.

By the Report of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to the last Legislature, it appeared that that Fund had up to that time received but $60,390. But since that Report was made, the N. C. road has paid two dividends, amounting to $100,500. Add another dividend from the Raleigh & Gaston road, and before the end of this year the Fund will have received $130,050—the interest of which and of the previous fund, invested as it all is or will be in State bonds, will yield next year nearly $12,000

It is manifest, we think, that neither the Raleigh & Gaston nor the N. C. road has reached a maximum amount of dividends. They will increase the amount to be paid to the Fund. But even at their present rates the income of the Fund will be about $150,000 next year. This amount annually, even without increase, will, compounded, yield enough to pay off the debt as it falls due, without aid from the State Treasury.

We believe that present taxes were laid with a view to the appropriation of $95,000 or $100,000 from the State Treasury to the Sinking Fund; though a hasty examination of the Laws—only just now published—fails to show any recognition of such an intention. If it was so intended, we think that the taxes should be so far reduced.—*Observer.*

FIRE AT LYNCHBURG, VA., July 22.—The dwellings of D. R. Edley, B. B. Taliaferro, Mrs. Henry Langhorne and Wm. Booker's kitchen, and three stables, were burnt last evening. Loss $20,000, on which there is no insurance, except on the property of Mr. Booker.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C,
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers und private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39–1y.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods.** Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—**Porter & Gorrell,** Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices,

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts. per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	" "	"
3	"	"	17	" "	"
4	"	"	22	" "	"
5	"	"	27	" "	"
6	"	"	32	" "	"
7	"	"	38	" "	"
8	"	"	42	" "	"
10	"	"	60	" "	"
12	"	"	72	" "	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c., &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,
R. S. TUCKER, } Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, } do
W. C. HARRISON, } do
W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15:51

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6–1y

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

PATRICK SPRINGS,
Patrick County, Va.
This justly celebrated Watering Place passed into the hands of the present owner last year. Upon the 20th March, 1859, I commenced active operations upon the premises in the way of finishing houses and adding others, and newly furnishing the whole, for the comfortable accommodation of visitors. As I now have a large force at work and much of my furniture at hand, I can say with certainty that the Springs will be opened on the 15th JULY, '59; and while, for want of time, I cannot make that improvement I would like or that the place demands, I think what I have done will satisfy any reasonable people that a great work is progressing in the right direction towards the successful improvement of that property, designed by Providence to be of great service to the world. The Ladies will find their rooms with neat and comfortable beds, and other appendages for their enjoyment, with one of the finest toned Pianos in the newly furnished Parlor for their recreation. Gentlemen will likewise find that I have cared well for them, and all I ask is a visit and a little forbearance, promising my best efforts to render all agreeable and comfortable who may favor me with a call. I might say much in behalf of the curative qualities of the water, but I only deem it necessary to say the water speaks for itself in tones far superior to my words; therefore enquire of those who have visited, and let it stand upon its own merits alone. I am now at work trying to add accommodations to unmistakable reputation. This property is situated between Bull and No-Business Mountains, in the county of Patrick, State of Virginia, and will be in a condition for the comfortable accommodation of upwards of one hundred visitors by the 15th of July.

BEVERLY A. DAVIS,
late of Pittsylvania co., Va., Proprietor.

The undersigned has rented of the proprietor of the Patrick Springs, the BAR, BOWLING SALOON, LIVERY STABLES, &c., and from his experience in conducting a similar business, having been for some time proprietor of Simmons' Hotel at Pittsylvania Court-House, flatters himself that he can please the public.

June 16, '59—jy16–3m. JNO. W. DYER.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

SPRING DIVIDEND FOR GUILFORD CO.

Dis.	Amt.	Dis.	Amt.	Dis.	Amt.	Dis.	Amt.
1	$24 75	21	$24 75	41	$16 83	61	$16 83
2	23 10	22	21 12	42	39 60	62	26 73
3	30 69	23	42 90	43	30 69	63	22 44
4	37 06	24	29 70	44	18 15	64	18 48
5	39 27	25	25 74	45	25 41	65	17 16
6	25 41	26	24 42	46	25 41	66	20 46
7	32 34	27	33 66	47	18 15	67	21 78
8	23 43	28	39 60	48	35 31	68	22 11
9	27 39	29	28 05	49	15 84	69	9 90
10	30 36	20	40 92	50	49 17	70	13 20
11	28 10	31	29 04	51	14 19	71	35 97
12	18 81	32	29 37	52	23 99	72	22 77
13	18 15	33	39 60	53	23 10	73	29 04
14	21 78	34	46 86	54	35 31	74	22 11
15	16 50	35	21 45	55	33 99	75	27 06
16	16 17	36	52 80	56	27 39	76	17 16
17	18 15	37	35 64	57	37 29	77	17 16
18	24 59	38	56 76	58	22 77	78	37 29
19	14 22	39	15 84	59	32 67	79	12 87
20	14 19	40	20 79	60	21 78		

NATHAN HIATT, Chairman.
June 24, 1859—jy9–4w.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.
J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent.*

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY, THAT GREAT REMEDY,
SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE, THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE
BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE, BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAE DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN,
HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET,
WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY,
AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.
TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRE

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORREL.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give *Medical Advice Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to Furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless M add that the Association commands the higch est medical skill of the age, and will furnoh the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2. South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
June 11—1y.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL
The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks $20, One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance

JOHN. E. WHARTON, *Principal.*
June 20, 1859. 178tf.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!
WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.
For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12::6m.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!
10.000 lbs. Beeswax wanted in exchange for Stoves, Tin-ware, or Cash, call and get the highest prices.
C. G. YATES,
West-Market, St., Greensboro, N. C.
July 8th, 1859. 28–3m.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Fool's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Black Warrants,	Ca Sa Bonds,	Affidavits,
Writs,	Executions,	Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Juror Tickets,
Land Entries,	Subpœnas,	Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions,	Writs to sell Land,	&c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My Dear Young Friends.—Here is a story for thoughtless, careless, disobedient boys and girls to read. I hope if any of my little readers belong to that class they will take warning by the sad consequence attendant upon the disobedience of little James,

THE CARELESS BOY.

"Come here, James," said Mr. Thompson, one bright May morning, to his son, a lad of fifteen; "come here I want you."

James immediately left his play, and running up to his father, asked him what he wished.

"Why," said he, "I want you to take this parcel to old Mrs. Needy. As you go to school you can run up the lane and hand it to her. But, remember, it is of the utmost importance that she receive it this morning. It is now just fifteen minutes of schooltime, so you had better start at once. Now, James, don't delay one moment, but be as quick as possible."

After his father had given him the bundle, James took his satchel and the little tin bucket containing his dinner, and started toward the school-house. He went on, musing and meditating, till he came to where he was to turn off to go to Mrs. Needy's. As he reached the entrance of the lane he saw, at a little distance up the road which led to the school house, one of his schoolmates prying into the bushes along the roadside.

"Helloo,, Tom," he shouted, "what's lost?"

"O, Jim, is that you?" returned he. "Come here. Hurry about it too, and we'll see some fun."

"Well, wait a moment, Tom, till I run up here a piece," said James; "I won't be gone long," and off he started.

"No, Jim, come now. It—here it goes! here it goes! Come quick or it will be gone." And away went Tom as if in pursuit of some object. This determined James. Turning around, he hastened with all speed to catch up with Tom.

"What is it, Tom?" said he, as, coming up to where he was, he saw him pushing a stick among the brambles. "What is it?"

"You'll see in a moment," said Tom. "Look! there he goes. Now after him."

"A rabbit! a rabbit!" shouted James.

And sure enough it was a rabbit.—Crossing the road, it dashed among some bushes on the opposite side. The boys followed as quick as they could. Arriving at the clump of bushes, they proceeded to rout the little animal from his place by means of sticks and stones. They tried to find it for some time, but in vain. Becoming weary, they were thinking of giving it up, when they heard the ringing of a bell.

"O, Tom," said James, "'tis our School-bell. Come, or we'll be too late."

"No, indeed," returned Tom, "I shan't, for I'm not going to-day."

James waited to hear no more, but snatching up his bucket, started off on full run. He was, however, behind time, and received a bad mark for his tardiness During the whole day he never once thought of the little bundle in his pocket. After school was out in the afternoon, he proceeded on his way home, meditating upon a difficult sum he had met with in his lesson. As he reached the yardgate, he looked up and saw his father standing in the porch. Immediately he remembered his errand. Laying down books and bucket, he hastened to retrace his steps. But his father at that moment calling upon him to come back, he obeyed reluctantly and with a downcast head.

"Where were you going, James?" asked his father as he entered the porch.

"Why father, I forgot to do as you bade me this morning, and I had started to carry it," said James in an humbled tone.

"It is of no use to carry it now," returned his father, somewhat sternly. "By your carelessness, James, you have caused a poor woman to be turned out of house and home. That parcel I gave you, and which I told you so positively to deliver this morning, contained money. The unfeeling landlord had threatened Mrs. Needy that unless she paid her rent today by ten o'clock, he would turn her out and seize her goods. Hearing of it last night, I determined to relieve her, and so sent the money by you; which, if she had received, would have satisfied her cruel landlord. But this is not all. After she had been driven away, with her two little children, she went down to the river's bank in order to procure some water from the little spring there. But, overcome with fatigue, she fell upon the ground while attempting to reach it. While in this state, little John, having wandered to the river, fell in and was drowned. Thus, you see the misery *you* have caused by one act of carelessness. Remember, my son, hereafter, the events of this day, and determine to overcome and subdue that bad habit you have acquired."

While his father was speaking, James could not restrain himself from weeping, but sobbed violently. He, however, made up his mind to break himself of being so careless. And, as boys generally do when they really try, he succeeded. Never afterward was he the cause of giving pain to any one by his carelessness. He lived to be blessed and honored by many whom he had been the means of assisting.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

OUT OF THEIR PLACES.

BY JOHN R. WALKER.

Reader have you ever thought of the trouble that is caused in the world by people being out of their proper places? There is a trite maxim running somewhat thus—a place for every thing, and every thing in its proper place—now this is one of those kind of maxims which dont tarnish by handling and never grows decrepit from constant action.

Depend upon it there is a place for every body in the great machine shop of the universe and no two individuals are drafted for the some purpose or intended to occupy the same post; and the moment a man gets out of his element every thing he touches goes wrong and remains so until the tide of events sweeps by and carries him to his proper post; and it's a singular fact that sooner or later this tide does drift him to the *right place*, only he dont know it and has not sagacity enough to see it.

Yes! Beyond all doubt there is "a place for everything" in the world, but it ain't to be expected that a blacksmith can be a printer because he may be black as the *devil* or that a tailor can construct a steam-engine or a carpenter manufacture a boot. In each of these instances the one is usurping the place of the other and all are out of their natural element, and yet there is nothing more common than to hear men under these circumstances caviling at their ill success and bemoaning their constant misfortune and expressing considerable doubt as to the reward of labor and questioning the legitimacy of the Divine Will—whilst all the time its their own fault and the result of their own short sightedness and folly.

A lawyer embarks in the business of a dry goods house; labors assiduously at his store, is polite to his coustomers, economical in his habits and is a perfect paragon of perseverance, but somehow or other he can't "get along" and things go contrary with him until finally he sinks his capital, becomes involved in debt and ultimately "stops payment." Of course he is surprised at his failure (but he needn't be) until by and by he discovers that he had all along been purchasing his goods at twice their market value and selling them for half, then the whole mystery is explained, and he sees, when too late, how his ignorance of the business has betrayed him. And this is the great secret of the ruin of thousands; they are persevering men but they have been persevering in the wrong direction, and in that case perseverance is a bane and sloth a virtue. Oh! there is a world of significance in the sage advice "first be sure that you are right and then go ahead;" but a good many men are such pre-eminent fools as to push further and further ahead knowing all the time they are pushing forward to destruction.

It is astonishing how topsey turvey the world looks to a man when he views it from a false stand-point and estimates it out of his proper element—such a man looks upon the universe with crosseyes and everything seems to be out of its place, and when he gets like this he is sure to amagine that it is the world that is out of its place instead of himself, but it is not so.

Oh, my friends take care to find out your proper place "in the affairs of men" and once finding it stick to your post and fight the battle of your life like a hero. It is all nonsense to say you have not any place in the World and were not intended to fill any post in the great market place of christendom. I tell you, you have got a place and a post, and what is more you have got to find it out and then fill it faithfully or abide the consequences, and so the sooner you set about it the better it will be for yourself and everybody else. There would not be half the sorrow and disappointment that there is in the world if men could only realize the fact that they have each got a post to fill and a duty to perform and that generally when anything goes wrong with them it is the result of a breach of that duty or a neglegence of that post.

Children obey your parents.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and old corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Dairy Management.

"A Flintshire Dairyman" asks how far the system of house-feeding is applicable to dairy management, particularly the manufacture of cheese? I would refer your correspondent to Professor Playfair's lecture in the fourth volume of the Royal Agricultural Society's "Transactions," where he will find that whilst house-feeding of cows is admirably suited for promoting a geeat increase of butter, if the animals are properly fed, grass-feeding, or out-of door feeding, is essentially necessary for the manufacture of cheese. And this reason is assigned for the difference in treatment: that a generous diet and warmth and quiet are promotive of the oily substance of the milk, from which butter is made; but that exercise, and less rich nourishment, produce that peculiar substance in milk called casein, from which cheese is procured. In fact, it appears that, without exercise, very little casein is obtained from the cow, and that the waste of the tissues which exercise promotes, increases indirectly the amount of casein in the milk. It is however, a matter of very great importance to the cheese farmers to ascertain whether, by feeding the cows more frequently with leguminous food, which contains a larger proportion of casein than other vegetable food, and giving them regular exercise, as your correspondent suggests, the advantages of house-feeding, which are in many ways of essential benefit, cannot be practised by the dairyman in the manufacture of cheese. The economy of food, the collection of manure, both solid and fluid, the general comfort of the animals, the increased number of cows which can be fed on the same land, the facility of milking, &c., all combine to render the house-feeding of cows most desirable; and I hope some experiments will be made with this object in view. As exercise increases the casein in milk, a cow-house could be so constructed that there should be a circular covered walk, where the animals could be daily exercised; or could they not be trained to the yoke and accustomed to draw light weights? (the manure, for instance, out of the yard). Of course, great care would be required that they should not strain themselves, but merely exercise their museles. I have seen in Flanders the ploughing of land by cows, but I should consider this much harder labor than is proper.

Where peach leaves, pounded with salt, are put under a bee-hive, I have not seen a bee moth. Although my bee-hives have heretofore suffered much from this source, the adoption of this plan has caused the moths to "come out missing."—*Prairie Farmer.*

BED BUGS.—There is a long article in the *Valley Farmer*, by which it is established beyond question, that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over bedsteads, chairboards, &c., will effectually prevent the appearance of bed bugs.

BOTS IN HORSES.—Give the horse one quart of molasses, or dissolved sugar, in one quart of sweet milk; the horse will be at ease in thirty minutes; then take two ounces of alum, dissolved in warm water, one quart, and drench your horse; in two hours give it one pound of common salts.

Another, Pour down the horse a quarter pound alum, dissolved in lukewarm water; in five or ten minutes after, pour down him a pint of linseed oil, or some other mild purgative; in ten minutes the horse will rise and eat.

COLIE.—Take one ounce of tincture of rhubarb, half an ounce of nitre, and half a pint of warm beer. Mix well in a bottle and turn down the animal, and the cure will be almost certain.

Another, Take a quarter of a pound of chalk, pounded fine, and put in a bottle with a pint of strong vinegar; shake it well, and pour it down the throat. We have seen this tried in the most desperate cases, after all other remedies had failed, and always with success.

COUGH IN HORSES.—The boughs of cedar have often been used with perfect success for cough in horses. They should be cut fine and mixed with the grain, and given to the horse.

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.—Rack off thirty gallons of sweet cider, put in one gill of fine salt, and one pound of chalk. This will keep it sweet for two years.

RICE PASTE CAKE.—Rub three ounces of butter into half a pound of rice flour, moisten it with water, work it well, and roll it out thin; then cut it in small cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

GOOD.—A man having a large family found it rather hard to keep up the table, and has adopted the following plan:

At evening just before supper, he calls his children round him and address them thus:

"Who'll take a cent and do without his supper?"

"I! I! I!" exclaim the children to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocket-book full of red cents which he keeps for the occasion, and after giving them one a piece, sends them off to bed.

Next morning they look like starved Arabs.

The old man calls them round him with an air of gravity asks—

"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm biscuit for breakfast?"

It is needless to say that the cents were forthcoming. Good plan.

A MOTIVE TO EXERTION.—Alexander the Great one day saw a poor man, carrying upon his shoulders a heavy load of silver for the royal camp; the man tottered under his burden, and was ready to give up to the point from fatigue. "Hold on, friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your tent for it is yours," said Alexander.

A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question, viz: As I wedded Mr. T——for his *wealth*, and that wealth is now spent, am I not to all intents and purposes, a *widow*, and at liberty to marry again?

"So I see you have put your best suit on for dinner." 'Oh, yes; I expected the dinner to be well-dressed for me, so I thought I could not do less than return the compliment."

If all the fools and knaves were black, what a very sombre-looking world this would be!

The Pretender to the Crown—A lady's bonnet.

Why is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C.

A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performances at one of the theatres, much to the annoyance of the audience, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him alone," said Hood, who was in the pit: he's a tailor, and *resting himself!*" He immediately slunk down.

SILENT WITNESSES.—Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed upon his profession, once said, "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."—"That you may do safely, Doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales."

Corvisart, a physician of celebrity, during the early portion of this century, was lamenting to the Abbe Sykes the death of Dr. Baker. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical aid he died," said he, "for in the last days of his illness we—Halle, Portal, and myself—did not quit him for a single instant." "Alas!" interrupted the witty Abbe, "what could he do against three of you?"

ANECDOTES OF LORD NORTH.—His good humor and readiness were admirable service to him when the invectives of his opponents would have discomfitted a more serious minister. He often indulged in a real or seeming slumber. An opponent, in the midst of an invective, exclaimed, "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep."

"I wish to God I was," rejoined Lord North.

Alderman Sawbridge, having accompanied the presentation of a petition from Billingsgate with accusations of more than ordinary virulence, Lord North began his reply in the following words:

"I can not deny that the honorable Alderman speaks not only the sentiments, but the very language of his constituents."

"If a dog's tail is cut off entirely will it not interfere with his locomotion?" "Not exactly; it will not affect his carriage, but it will stop his waggin."

ARTIFICIAL STRENGTH.—It is said that a great drunkard once complained, "They tell me wine gives strength! And yet I who have just drunk three bottles can not keep myself on my legs!"

DRESS NEATLY.—If nature has given man a strong instinct to dress, it is because she has given him woman as an object for it; and whatever may be the outward practice of the present day, the moral foundation is right. Neat suits are as a letter of recommendation, and neatness of person is closely allied to nobility of mind.

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Nov., '58. 2—1y.

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Having opened a **GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHING STORE,** will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentleman's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.
They also have the agency for the sale of **Barthelf's Sewing Machines,** one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia;
March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

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R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

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